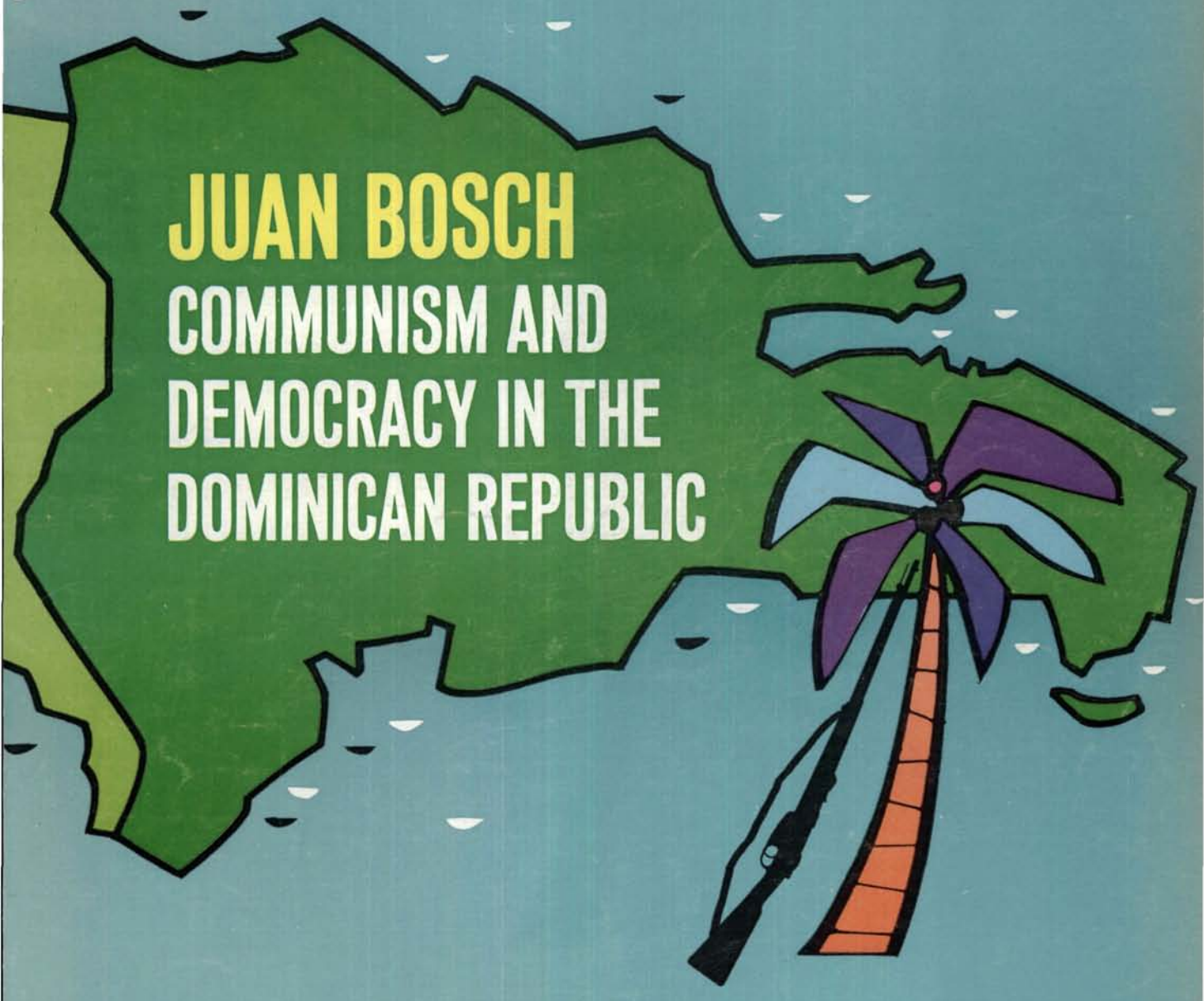
Saturday Review

August 7, 1965 25¢



# JUAN BOSCH
# COMMUNISM AND DEMOCRACY IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

## THE ORIGIN OF COMETS

By Donald Robey

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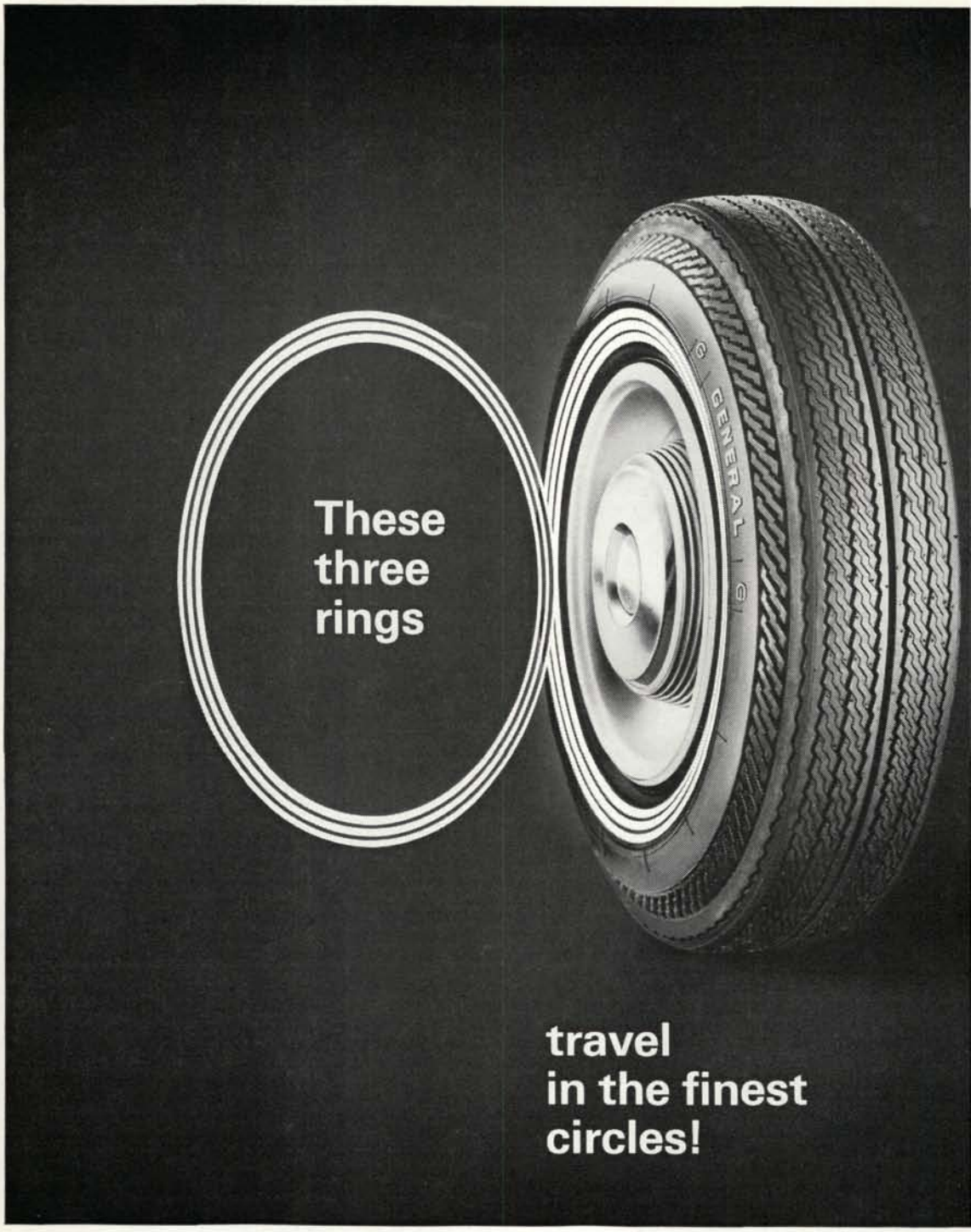


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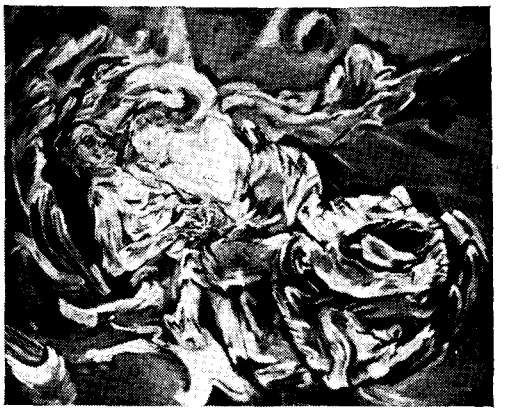
# "GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

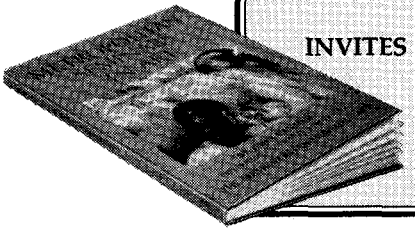
THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.



THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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(Advertisement)

Aside from the Keystone Cops, I cannot recall any professional group ever winning the wide popularity from its vocational blunders which the New York Mets—those underdogs of the sports page and heroes of the balance sheet—enjoy today.

Depending on how great one's devotion is to the cause of baseball's betterment, you are either for the Mets or against them. Detractors point out that anything approaching consistent mastery, or even competence in the game has, so far, eluded the club. But detractors might as well be trying to get a word in while Manager Casey Stengel is talking. Mets fans, on the other hand, are unflagging in team loyalty and, apparently, quite serious in their efforts to make the old saw that it is "the playing, not the winning that counts" a reality in professional sports.

A very entertaining account of how the Mets rose from last place in the National League to first place in the affections of millions (including many who do not normally follow baseball) has been written by Maury Allen. It is called *Now Wait a Minute, Casey!* The author is a sportswriter for the *New York Post*. He has followed the adventures of the Mets and their manager since the team's first spring training days in 1962.

The greatest of all the Mets, of course, is Casey, and this is really his story. His pronouncements on a wide range of subjects are the delight of the working press, the despair of copy desks (who have to punctuate), and thoroughly worthy of a team whose athletic performances are rivaled only by those of some of its upstaging fans.

There is Casey on architecture (Shea Stadium): "The park is lovelier than my team." And Casey on the art of love: "They're (the Mets) not foolin' me. . . . Runnin' after women ain't so bad. It's stayin' up all night with them which kills ya."

I suggest you read *Now Wait a Minute, Casey!* before this year's World Series. This will give you the opportunity to reflect, as you watch, how much more fun the contest would have been had the Mets participated.

*L. L. Day*

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

*Now Wait a Minute, Casey!* ($4.50) by Maury Allen, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.


# *Saturday Review*

**August 7, 1965**

Cover photograph by Sandor Acs.


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**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

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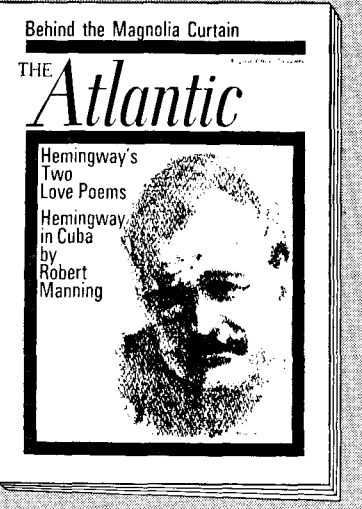
**ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

The August Atlantic brings you a very special surprise and treat in Hemingway's previously unpublished **Two Love Poems** to his wife, Mary Welsh Hemingway. In the same issue: Robert Manning remembers **Hemingway in Cuba** during a visit shortly after Hemingway won the Nobel Prize in 1954. Don't miss Hemingway in the August Atlantic.

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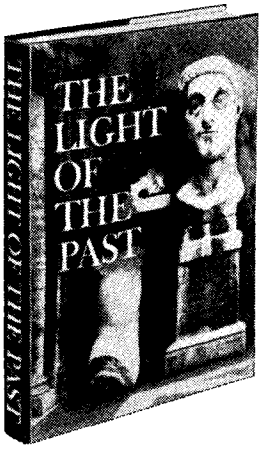


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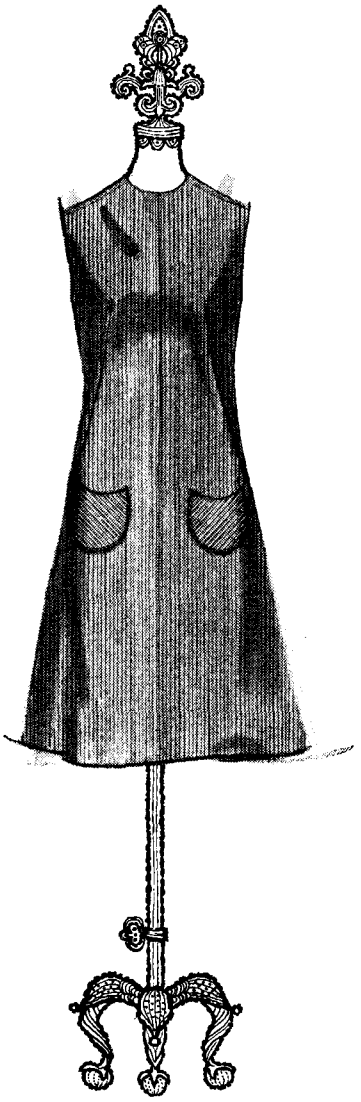

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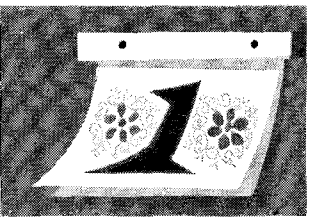
# First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

AFTER Jerome Beatty's generous comment on the "Animal Kingdom" at the World's Fair, we received many inquiries from SR readers as to how such a kingdom came to be.

It all started at a meeting to discuss with World's Fair officials, of all things, an Associated Harvard Clubs Day at the Fair—a day which was to be held, of all places, halfway between "Dynamic Maturity" (a new name for Senior Citizens) and the Festival of Gas. While this seemed to us an almost ideal location for the Associated Harvard Clubs, it hardly seemed right for the other kind of exhibit we had in mind. In any case, during the session, we addressed a memorandum to Fair officials wondering if they had any other space available and also asking, pointedly, if they had any objection to an exhibit with a point.

We reminded them that after all, the Humane Society of the United States, which was raising the money for the exhibit, was not one of the world's rich countries—like the Republic of Pepsi Cola, the Commonwealth of Seven Up or even the Dominion of Canada Dry.

We had just about given up when, largely through the efforts of Martin Stone, of *Author Meets Critic* fame and director of the Industrial Section of the Fair, and Phyllis Adams, assistant directress of Exhibitor Relations, we were offered space in the Better Living Center—and the project began to take shape. Our plan was to exhibit all sorts of animals, not in cages, as in a zoo, or in acts, as in a circus, but as friends of and with people.

There was only one trouble. Even after our exhibit opened, there was no way to communicate, to the Fair public, even the fact of its existence. We were not in the official catalogue, which had been printed in the previous year, not in any Fair information source, and not even on any of the tape recordings about the Fair, which are played on all the Fair buses and which seem to have been pre-taped at the time of the previous World's Fair.

With this in mind, we decided on a crash program to get on the closed-circuit radio show which emanates from the Fair—the "Eddie Bracken Show." Mr. Bracken couldn't have been more pleased. "I have a treat for you," he told his listeners, "a man who needs no introduction . . . Chamberlain Avery!"

Meanwhile, back at our Fair farm yard, we decided to take the bull by th horns and call a man by the name Mr. Stuart Constable, who is Vice Pres dent in charge of Operations at the Fa and has been called Mr. Moses's "rig hand man"—a description which, view of Mr. Moses's recent decision would seem to us to be close to libelo right on the face of it. Mr. Constab refused even to put our exhibit on th public address system—he added that far as he was concerned we were ju one more exhibit in a multi-exhib building.

We informed Mr. Constable that w were not one more anything—that, contrast to the pointless commerci monstrosities which abound in Flushin Meadow, we were a brand-new exhib one which was not only for the bene of a charity but which also benefite hundreds of other exhibits by attracti new life to a previously very dead ar of his very dead Fair. Furthermore, w were doing so despite the fact that o entrance was blocked by a large tru advertising a commercial trucking fir and at least ten food stands varyi from Bel-Gem Waffles to Italian Ices to such an extent that it took a Seein Eye dog to find us, and though we h three Seeing-Eye dogs in our exhib the American public was not similar equipped. Finally we asked Mr. Co stable if he had seen our exhibit. H said he had. We asked him what h thought of it. "I think," he said, "i silly." We told Mr. Constable that our exhibit was silly, then, in our opi ion, the rest of the Fair was hilarious a comment on which, when the pre descended on both of us, he did n make further comment, for the ve simple reason, we since have learne that neither he nor Mr. Moses himse who reportedly called our exhibit "st pid," had ever seen the exhibit.

We soon learned, however, tha where publicity is concerned, stupidi like theirs you can't buy. From th moment, the exhibit's success was a sured, and to Jerome Beatty's co ments were soon added praise fro Fred Feretti, of the New York *Hera Tribune*, Barry Gray, Tom Ewell, Vi cent Tracy, Pegeen Fitzgerald, E Joyce, the *Today* Show, Mike Wallac and many others. Indeed, from then we had nothing more difficult to co tend with than a New York *Times* ma who wanted to get his wife a job mod



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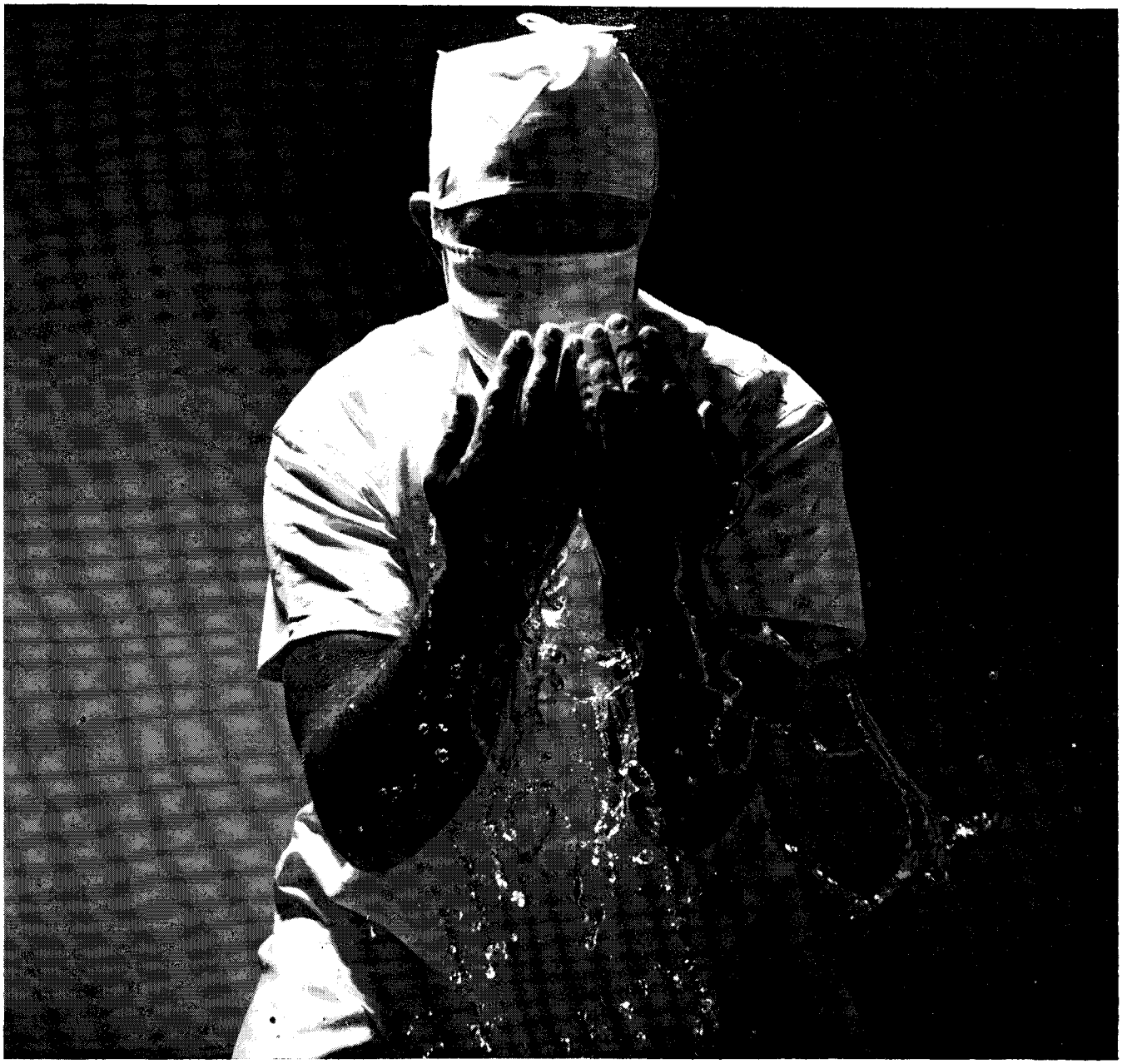

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ing at the exhibit and an Associated Press man who wanted to get his two small children pictured among the animals. But this we guess, nowadays, is all part of the game in dealing with the modern "gentlemen of the pressure."

• • •

Actually, for a writer used to long and often lonely hours behind a desk facing just a pad of paper or a typewriter—facing, literally face *to* face, ten, twelve, even 20,000 people a day is quite an experience.

When our gal barkers out front say "Seventy-six Live Animals"—that isn't enough. One child always asks "Are they real?"

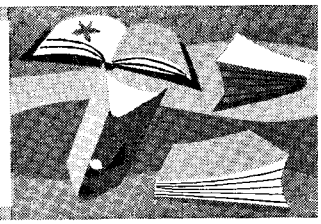
Actually, children nowadays have seen so many Disney-animated animals that it takes a good deal to convince them that *any* animal is real. One child looked in on our exhibit at a time when all fourteen members of the "Peaceable Kingdom" were asleep. "Look, Mother," he exclaimed, in high excitement, "*dead* animals!"

Among the adults, the most amazing are the people who have an answer for everything—the wrong answer. The fellow who broke the record, though, was the one who came to the exhibit with his girl friend and literally never came up with anything right. When his girl asked him what the llama was, he took only a brief look. "Oh that," he said knowingly, "that's a camel." Next came the kangaroo. And another question. This time he took a longer look. "A goat," he said, "a nanny goat." Then came the Seeing Eye exhibit and once more the fellow was at the ready. "Oh," he said. "The Seeing Eye. Hunting dogs, you know." Finally, he came to our coyote exhibit—and this time at least he got the name right. "Those," he said firmly, "are coyotes." But then he added, "They're the ones, you know, that suck blood."

Second only to the amateur naturalists, however, the ones who give us the most trouble are, since the exhibit is, after all, for the Humane Society, the apparently inevitable amateur humanitarians. To these the fact that the animals are air-conditioned, behind glass, and receive the most humane care imaginable, means nothing. One lady grabbed us as she was watching the barnyard exhibit. "Mr. Amory," she said, "that barnyard floor is slippery. Do you realize that one of those chickens could break his leg?"

We tried to be patient, but it was the end of a long day. "Lady," we said, "if the chickens of this world could live like these chickens are going to live for the next three months, then there's one problem the humane world wouldn't have—and that's chickens."

# Trade Winds



**From the mail** it is evident that Macbeth is not the only one who murders sleep. Again, that terrorizing tide of games for insomniacs has swollen to outlandish proportions, mocking all efforts to keep it under control.

Further, the trend seems to ask, as Shakespeare might; What's in a name?

For instance, Hugh Uhlmann has been battling with a brain twister that involves creating movie-star names from those of eminent composers: Rock Mananoff as the hero; Moe Zart, as a producer; Rose Inni as the leading lady, along with Za Za's cousin Sue Za, plus that Norwegian star, Bea Thoeven.

**Names are also** haunting the stuff that makes up the dreams of Robert Conklin. He wonders what would have happened

to nomenclature if "civilization" had sailed eastward instead of westward. Invariably, history would have recorded such figures as: Mo Gandhi, Robespete, Wolfie Mozart, Kate the Great, Lenny Vinci, Hank Cinq, Kook Khan, and Toot Ankhamen.

Roger Williams, however, permits himself to let night's candles burn out by trying to create a game he calls Appropriate Names.

He has only one telling example at the moment, but its aptness is a testimony to the magnificent potential of the game: Phil Linz—Utility infielder.

**As jocund day begins** to stand tiptoe on the mountain tops, Frances E. Holmes is likely to be in the middle of inventing names where the first and last have identical meanings: Blanche White, Peter Stone, Rex King, Esther Starr, Stephen Garland.

By the same token (as they say when a couple in the subway slips through the turnstile on one fare), Graham Parker watches the day become joint laborer with the night as he invents new decorator's colors to go with names: Whizzer White, Hugo Black, Willie Maize, Zane Grey or you-take-it-from there. He would add a couple of other colors, not in the name category: Inviolate and World Cerise.

**Sue Cogwill is sometimes** unable knit the ravelled sleave of care as s ponders the strange phenomenon of t San Diego State College faculty te phone directory. Among the nan listed therein are: Bird, Crow, Eag Finch, Canary.

W. S. Tracy, meanwhile, is unable let nature's soft nurse weigh his eyel down or steep his senses in forgetfuln as he works out lists of names wh have an interesting specific in comm For instance, the names on this list, asi from being credited with the authorsl of at least one book, have somethi special in common: Philip Wylie, Pe Buck, Art Linkletter, James Baldw T. S. Matthews, William Saroyan, Mar Luther King, Ingmar Bergman, Woo row Wilson.

They are, if you haven't alrea guessed it, all the children of Protest ministers.

**Arthur Asa Berger may be likely** hear the chimes of midnight as he wo out his own special curlicues on nam with these results:

Dame May
Was Witty
But John Greenleaf
Was Whittier.

Oscar
Was Wilde,
But Thornton
Was Wilder.

Meanwhile, John Pearson successfu combatted a bout with the flu by co

bining cliché exclamations with app priate names:

Nice try, Bruce! (Robert)
Watch your step, Fred! (Astai
Don't get your wires crossed, Al ander! (Bell)
Cut it out, Ben! (Casey)
Watch that slice, Jack! (The R per)

**When author Gerald Raftery** fi the ports of slumber open wide to ma



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a watchful night, he ponders a game he is developing called Proofreader Puns. He notes, for instance, that *Newsweek* mentioned that TW3's Nancy Ames is a graduate of "tony Bennett Junior College," but at the hands of a hurried proofreader it comes out "Tony Bennett Junior College." He carries these atrocities further with: "Prince Rainier danced with elegant Grace," or, "He seized the opportunity with Joy."

**In a recent column,** we noted William Kite's preoccupation with finding pairs of odd-ball names which rhyme (A thorp . . . is a dorp).

His quest brought an immediate response, with no less than thirty-five examples from Roy I. Mumme, among them being:

A sprig
Is a twig

A psalter
Is an exalter.

A gambol
Is an amble.

A belter
Is a welter-pelter.

Thomas Power has also joined the search to create:

A thane
Is a Dane;
Most thanes
Are Danes.

A cooper
Is a hooper;
Whereas a hoop
Is a loop.

But Suzanne Suskin perhaps sums everything up aptly with her profound observation:

Spare the spurge
And spoil the spurry.

This is a statement which brings as much with it as you care to bring to it, but as Shakespeare might say, it is enough to commend you to your own content.

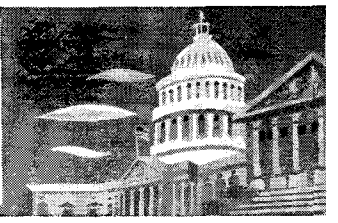
—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1634)

Nathaniel Benchley:
*THE VISITORS*

Once Steve got his driver's license, he came home to sleep, and that was about all. Day and night, in fair weather and foul, he drove. He would run any number of errands, provided they could be done by car, but aside from that his ties with home and family were severed.

# State of Affairs



## The New Press Secretary

"A WASTE of an excellent man." This was the immediate reaction among many White House correspondents in the West Wing when the news broke that Bill Moyers had taken over as the President's press secretary. It tells much about the man, for the White House press corps doesn't normally tend to deprecate itself. And several members of the White House staff, somewhat stunned, murmured, "What are we going to do without him?" A remark that should not be underrated either, for the entourage is not free of jealousies.

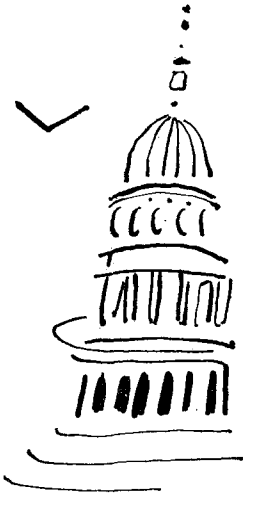
Bill Moyers is indeed a unique human being. And with all his singular qualities he is unconventional to an extent rarely found close to the seat of power—particularly one where it is hard to see how there could be room for more than one unconventional man. The remarkable thing about him is that he can remain absolutely loyal yet have a detached perspective; that he can cope with the endless drudgeries of bureaucracy yet manage to preserve his inborn enthusiasm; that he can command so much power yet be almost oblivious to it; that in competing with some of the coolest minds he never loses fervor for his own ideals.

It is these ideals combined with his deep urge to get things done that sent Moyers into government service after he had been ordained as a Baptist minister. His favorite motto is a quotation from Thomas Jefferson: "The care of human life and happiness . . . is the first and only legitimate object of good government." This quotation hangs, framed, in his office and it is his regard for it and for Mr. Johnson that got him into government.

Almost from the day he left college Lyndon Johnson has been his mentor. First Moyers worked for him as a temporary summer assistant, then he switched to Mrs. Johnson's KTBC radio and television station as a news editor. LBJ assisted him when he moved to Edinburgh University for a year on a Rotary Club scholarship. Then he was all set to take the plunge into government service when his religious bent diverted him to a Baptist seminary in Fort Worth. But being a minister was obviously too much a world of words and not enough of action. This and his attachment to LBJ made it easy for him to disengage himself again and offer hi services to Mr. Johnson in his 1960 bi for the Presidency.

In order to understand Moyers it i important to know that instinctively h is always groping for a compromise be tween the idealistic and the practica worlds. The Great Society planning therefore mesmerised him. But there ar times when action from the center o power becomes too removed from real ity, too abstract and frustrating. It i then that he longs to get closer to hu manitarian ideals, that he talks nostal gically about returning to his old love the Peace Corps, or about wanting t be a missionary civil rights worker i Mississippi. It is thus difficult to se what would attract him to such a frus trating and thankless task as his presen one—except a sense of duty.

IN a curious way the President, de spite all his years in Washington, ha never quite learned to understand th function of the press. He wanted t make it, like everything else, part o his policy of consensus. And his basi method for bringing about his consensu is to woo people with the ardent, char acteristic charm he can show in suc matters. But even Circe would hav failed with the press. It can never be come part of the consensus for the ver reason that the press considers itsel part of the democratic process—a kin of arbiter between the government an the public. And although Johnson ha





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spent more time than any other President with reporters in private, they have felt he was trying to downgrade their public role.

What caused all the resentment was the decline of the public press conference as a means of extracting information, the endless walks around the White House gardens which rarely produced any solid information and made reporters feel like sheep, and Johnson's attempt to make himself the only fountainhead of news by imposing something of an oath of secrecy on others.

Bill Moyers, plainly, has been only too aware of these complaints, and in the short time he has been press secretary some of them have already vanished. The President's public press conferences have all at once become more newsworthy, and more frequent. At the same time the President has seemed more at ease during these ordeals (and for him they are ordeals) than ever before. No doubt Moyers will also be able to relieve Mr. Johnson of much of the load that he has tried to shoulder himself. He may be able to do all these things as long as he has the absolute confidence of his boss, as long as he can keep himself well informed and just as long as he is in complete control of the operation with no outsiders acting as go-betweens.

EVEN so there are limitations to what a press officer can do. He is not a magician, after all. There were reasons other than the discontent among the press that accounted for the rising tide of public criticism. Some of it originated with officials who feel that the President runs too taut a ship of state. There were the complaints about style and method. And if the situation in Vietnam should deteriorate, or the economy fail to perform another miracle every month, there is likely to be further criticism. All that Mr. Moyers or the President can then do is to put things in proper perspective.

It is perhaps because of these limitations that Bill Moyers's new role has been questioned, with many wondering if he might not be wasted as the President's spokesman—for not only has he been a brilliant legislative assistant to the President, a nimble staff coordinator, a channel for unconventional ideas: he has been the President's conscience.

Lord Acton would have shaken his head in disbelief had he been able to watch this young man operate at the President's elbow; as do many today who are surprised and pleased at how much relative influence he can exert on Mr. Johnson—not the easiest man to persuade.

There may be a good deal of truth to the suggestion that if Mr. Johnson had a son he would want him to be like Bill Moyers. —HENRY BRANDON.


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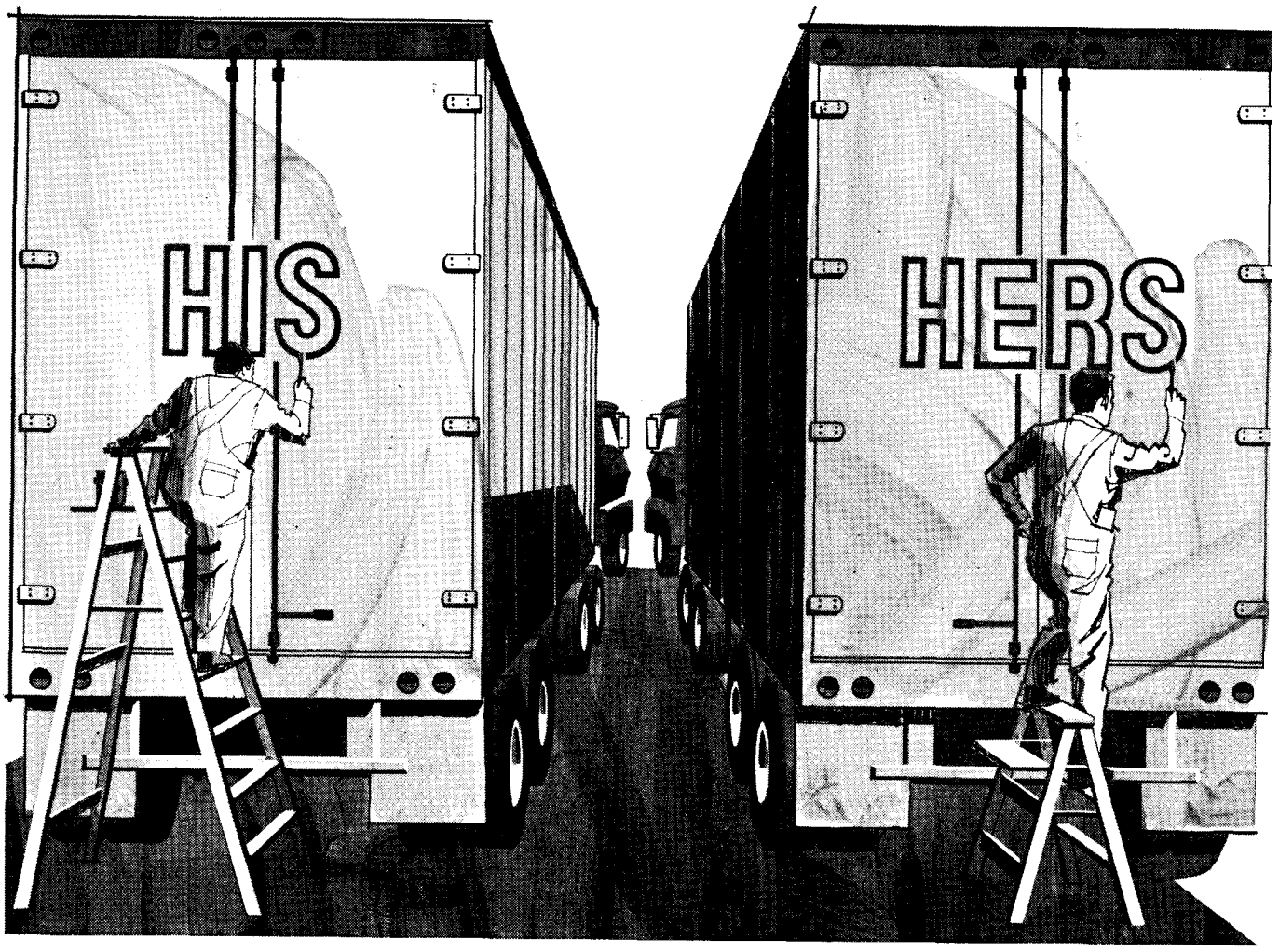


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*Saturday Review*
August 7, 1965

# COMMUNISM AND DEMOCRACY IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

JUAN BOSCH

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

AFTER the U.S. intervention in Santo Domingo, the Department of State first released a list of fifty-ee Dominican Communists; then a of fifty-eight; and finally, a list of enty-seven.

When I was President of the Domini-n Republic, I calculated that in Santo mingo there were between 700 and 0 Communists, and I estimated the mber of Communist sympathizers at ween 3,000 and 3,500. These 700 800 Communists were divided into ee groups, of which, in my judgment, largest was the Popular Dominican vement, with perhaps between 400 1 500 members in the entire country; ct came the Popular Socialist Party h somewhat less, around 300 to 400; l then, in a number that in my opinion l not reach fifty, the Communists l infiltrated the June 14th Movement, ne of them in executive posts and ers at lower levels.

I ought to make clear that in 1963 in Dominican Republic there was much litical confusion, and a large number people, especially middle-class youth, l not know for certain what they were l what they wanted to be, whether mocrats or Communists. But that has ppened in almost all countries where re have been prolonged dictatorships, ce the dictatorships pass. After a cer-n time has elapsed and the political norama becomes clarified, many peo-who began their public life as Com-mists pass into the democratic camp. 1963 the Dominican Republic needed ne for the democratic system to clear the confusion, and in a sense the time s used that way, since 700 or 800 mmunists, divided in three groups, with sympathizers numbering between 3,000 and 3,500, could in no case—not even with arms in their hands—take power or even represent a serious threat.

If there weren't enough Communists to take power, there was, on the other hand, a strong sentiment against persecution of the Communists. This feeling developed because during his long tyranny Trujillo always accused his adversaries of being Communists. Because of that, anti-Communism and Trujilloism ended up being equivalent terms in the Dominican political vocabulary. Moreover, the instruments of oppression—the police and the armed forces—remained the same in 1963—with the same men who had served under Trujillo. If I had used them against the Communists I would have ended up as their prisoner, and they, for their part, would have completely destroyed the Dominican democratic forces. For those men, having learned from Trujillo, there was *no distinction between democrats and* Communists; anyone who opposed any of their violence, or even their corruption, was a Communist and ought to be annihilated.

MY presumption was correct, as events have shown. From the dawn of September 25, the day of the coup d'état against the government I headed, the police began to persecute and beat without mercy all the non-Communist democrats who in the opinion of the military chiefs would be able to resist the coup. It was known that in all the country not one Communist had infiltrated my party, the Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), but still the leaders and members of that party were persecuted as Communists. The chief of police himself insulted the prisoners by calling them Communists. Many leaders of the PRD were deported, and—a curious fact—numerous Communists who had been in Europe, Russia, and Cuba were permitted to return. But the leaders of the PRD were not permitted to return, and if one did he was immediately deported again. During the nineteen months of the government of Donald Reid, thousands of democrats from the PRD and hundreds from the Social Christian Party and the June 14th Movement were jailed, deported, and beaten in a barbaric manner; the headquarters of these three parties were assaulted or destroyed by the police. All the vehicles, desks, typewriters and other valuable effects of the PRD were robbed by the police. In the months of May and June, 1964, more than 1,000 members of the PRD who had been accused of being Communists were in jail at one time.

That "anti-Communist" fury launched against the democratic Dominicans was an important factor in the eruption of the April revolution because the people

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—*Camera Press-Pix.*
**Juan Bosch**

JUAN BOSCH is the first man in the history of the Dominican Republic to have become its President through a free election. He won his overwhelming—and surprising victory in December, 1962. But in September, 1963, he was overthrown by the military. In April of this year, pro-Bosch forces revolted against the government of Donald Reid, leading to the present crisis. This article appears in *SR* through special arrangement with *War/Peace Report* in which Mr. Bosch's article is also carried this week.

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were fighting to regain their right to live under a legal order, not a police state. If it had been I who unleashed that fury, the revolution would have been against the democratic regime, not in favor of democracy.

It was not necessary to be a political genius to realize that if "anti-Communist" persecution began in the Dominican Republic, the police and the military would also persecute the democrats. Neither need one be a political genius to understand that what the country needed was not stimulation of the mad forces of Trujilloism which still existed in the police and the military, but rather the strengthening of democracy by demonstrating to the Dominicans in practice that what was best for them and the country was to live under the legal order of a democratic regime.

Now then, in the Dominican picture there was a force that in my opinion was determining the pointer of the political balance, in terms of ideologies and doctrines, and that force was the June 14th Movement.

I have said that according to my calculations there was in the June 14th Movement an infiltration of less than fifty Communists, some of them in executive positions and others at lower levels. But I must state that control of this party, at all levels, was held by an overwhelming majority of young people who were not Communists and some of whom were strongly anti-Communist. How can one explain that there should be Communists together with non-Communists and active anti-Communists? There is one reason: the June 14th Movement was based, in all its breadth and at all its levels, on intense nationalism, and that nationalism was manifested above all in terms of strong anti-Americanism. To convert that *antinorteamericanismo* into *dominicanismo* there was only one way: maintain for a long time a democratic regime with a dynamic and creative sense.

I KNEW that if the country saw the establishment of a government that was not elected by the people—that was not constitutional and not respectful of civil liberties—the Communists would attribute this new government to U.S. maneuvers. I also knew that in view of the anti-Americanism of the youth of the middle class—especially in the June 14th Movement—Communist influence would increase. The equilibrium of the political balance was, then, in that party. Any sensible Dominican politician realized that. The trouble was that in 1963 the Dominican Republic did not have sensible politicians, or at least not enough of them. The appetites for power held in check for a third of a century overflowed, and the politicians turned to conspiring with Trujillo's military men. The immediate result was the coup of September, 1963; the delayed result was tl revolution of April, 1965.

It is easy to understand why Domir can youth of the middle class was nationalistic. This youth loved its cou try, wanted to see it morally and p litically clean, hoped for its econom development, and thought—with reas —that it was Trujillo who blocked mor ity, liberty, and development of t country. It is also easy to understa why this nationalism took the form anti-Americanism. It was simply a fe ing of frustration. This youth, which h not been able to get rid of Trujil thought that Trujillo was in power b cause of his support by the Unit States. For them, the United States a Trujillo were partners, both to be blam for what was happening in the Domi can Republic, and for that reason th hate for Trujillo was naturally convert into feelings of anti-Americanism.

I am not discussing here whether th were right or wrong; I am simply stati the fact. I know that in the United Stat there are people who supported Truji and others who attacked him. But t young Dominicans knew only the form and not the latter, since Trujillo to care to give the greatest publicity p sible to any demonstration of suppo however small, that was offered direc or indirectly by a U.S. citizen, wheth he was a Senator or an ordinary touri and on the other hand, he took gre pains to prevent even the smallest noti in the Dominican Republic of any atta by an American citizen. Thus, the D minican youth knew only that Truji had defenders in the United States, n that he had enemies.

For his part, Trujillo succeeded creating with the Dominican people image of unity between society and g ernment that can only be compared w what has been produced in countr with Communist regimes. For more th thirty years in the Dominican Repub nothing happened—nothing *could* ha pen—without an express order from T jillo. In the minds of Dominican yo this image was generalized, and th thought that in the United States a nothing could happen without an or from whoever governed in Washingt Thus, for them, when an Americ Senator, newspaperman or businessm expressed his support of Trujillo, t person was talking by order of the Pr ident of the United States. To this v day, a large number of Dominicans the middle class think that everythi a U.S. citizen says, his government saying too.

The pointer of the political balan as I said earlier, was in the June 14 Movement, which was saturated w anti-Americanism. This group includ the most fervent youths and even th best qualified technically—but not

*"Please say something in corporatese."*





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litically—as well as the more numerous nucleus of middle-class youth; it also constituted the social sector where Communist sermons could have the most effect and from whence could come the resolute leaders that the Communists lacked. Trujillo had tortured, assassinated and made martyrs of hundreds of members of the June 14th Movement. To persecute these youths was to send them into the arms of Communism, to give strength to the arguments of the few Communists that had infiltrated the Movement. The Communists said that the democracy that I headed received its orders from Washington, the same as had Trujillo, to destroy the nationalistic youths. Little by little, as the days passed, the non-Communist and anti-Communist members of the June 14th Movement were gaining ground against the Communists, since they were able to prove to their companions that my democratic government neither persecuted them nor took orders from Washington. In four years, the democratic but nationalistic sector of the June 14th Movement—which was in the overwhelming majority—would have ended the Communist influence and made itself into a firm support of Dominican democracy.

THE weakness of the Dominican Communists was also shown by the activity of the Social Christian Party, which presented itself as militantly anti-Communist. It persecuted the Communists everywhere, to the point that they could not show themselves in public. But when the Social Christians realized that the best source of young people in the country was the June 14th Movement, they stopped their street fighting against the Communists and began a campaign against *imperialismo norteamericano*. When they showed with this battle cry that they were not a pro-U.S. party, they began to attract young adherents who had been members of the June 14th Movement as well as many others who already had a clear idea of what they wanted to be: nationalists and democrats. Thus, the Social Christian leaders came to understand that the key to the Dominican political future lay in assuring the nationalistic youth of a worthy and constructive democracy.

What the Social Christians learned by 1963 would have been understood by other political groups if the Dominican democracy had been given time. But this was not to be. Reactionaries in the Dominican Republic and the United States set themselves ferociously against the Dominican democracy under the slogan that my government was "soft" on the Communists.

This is the point at which to analyze "weakness" and "force," if those two terms signify opposite concepts. There

*"Tonight he knows the solution to all economic and social problems. Tomorrow when he faces the world, he'll be his old frustrated self again."*

are two ways to face problems, particularly political ones. One is to use intelligence and the other is to use force. According to this theory, intelligence is weak, and the use of intelligence, a sign of weakness.

I think that a subject so complex as political feelings and ideas ought to be treated with intelligence. I think also that force is a concept that expresses different values, as can be seen in the United States or in the Dominican Republic. In the U.S., the use of force means the application of the law—without crimes, without torture, without medieval barbarism; in the Dominican Republic, it means quite the contrary: one does not apply the law without instruments of torture, not excluding assassination. When a Dominican policeman says of a person that he is a Communist, he is saying that he, the policeman, has the full right to beat him, to shoot him, or to kill him. And since this policeman does not know how to distinguish between a democrat and a Communist, he is quite apt to beat, shoot and kill a democrat.

It is not easy to change the mentality of the people who become policemen in the Dominican Republic, especially with little time to do it. When the New Englanders burned women as witches, those who did the burning believed absolutely that they were destroying witches. Today, nobody believes that they were witches. But it is still like early Salem in Santo Domingo. When a Dominican policeman is told that he should persecute a young man because he is a Communist, the policeman believes with all his soul that his duty is to kill the youth.

The problem that my democratic government faced was to choose between the use of intelligence and the use of force, while the time passed during which the hot-headed youths and uneducated police learned to distinguish between democracy and Communism. And if someone says that in this period the Communists would be able to gain strength and take power, I say and guarantee that they could not do it. Only a dictatorship can give to the Communists the arguments they need for progress in the Dominican Republic; under a democratic regime the democratic conscience would outstrip the Communists.

TO return to the concepts of intelligence and force, I think that they apply to Communism itself in its fight for the conquest of power. No Communist party, in no country of the world, has been able to reach power solely because it was strong; it has needed, besides, a leader of exceptional capacity. The Dominican Communists have not had and do not have force, and they have not had and do not have a leader comparable to Lenin, Mao, Tito, or Fidel; and according to my prediction, they are not going to have either the force or the leader in the foreseeable future.

Dominican Communism is in its infancy, and began, as did Venezuelan Communism, with internal divisions that will require many years to overcome. Only the long dictatorship of Pérez Jiménez was able to create the right atmosphere for the different groups of Communists of the Venezuela of 1945 so that they could come together into a single party, and the lack of a leader of exceptional capacity has, in spite of the

(*Continued on page* 47)



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# James Thomson Shotwell

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is vice president of the United Nations Association of the United States of America.*

IN THE COURSE of his ninety years, the man Shotwell wandered over many fields of human activity. He was a statesman who never held or wanted office. He had available a retreat in his academic profession. Many times have I heard him say, when frustrated by a visit to Washington—"of course, I can always go back to the Middle Ages."

If any of his many friends wanted to write a biography of this complex man, it would take limitless forms. The historians would claim him as one of their own. He was Bryce Professor of History at Columbia University. With a chuckle he remarked that his doctorate was on the history of the Papacy. His historical works covered numberless fields. One of his later interests was the meaning of history itself, and he wrote a book under the title, *The History of History.*

One of the vagaries of the man was that he was most anxious to be known as an economist. His greatest contribution to the Versailles Conference was in playing a leading part in the creation of the International Labor Organization. He was proud of its basic principle that world peace was dependent upon international, social, and economic justice. As Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he was particularly proud of the economic recommendations of the Chatham House Conference held in London in 1935. He had a practical bent, as shown by the fact that in one year he was on advisory committees of both the AFL and of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

However, many people would write Shotwell's biography in terms of his contribution to world peace. This covers four periods: the First World War; from the Senate's rejection of the Covenant to the Munich Agreement; the Second World War; and the world since then.

He was a member of the Inquiry established by President Wilson to prepare for the Versailles Conference. He went to Paris with our delegation.

SHOTWELL felt deeply the tragedy of the United States' rejection of the League of Nations. He tried to find moral and legal alternatives that would help. In 1928, out of a talk with Aristide Briand, grew the Pact of Paris, commonly known as the Briand-Kellogg Pact. Possibly the only person with whom Shotwell liked to be compared was Briand. They were of the same height and stocky build. Each had a heavy head of hair. Briand's mustache drooped more than Shotwell's. Despite quite different backgrounds, they shared a common insight into the stream of contemporary history.

For a few weeks, or for a month or so, Shotwell would retreat into the academic cloisters at Columbia University. Then suddenly one of his friends would hear the deep voice over the telephone saying, "I have a memorandum I want you to read . . ." and then he was off again—to Washington, to London, to Paris, and more frequently to Geneva.

In 1939 he sensed that some catastrophic change would make possible either a revision of the League of Nations, or the creation of a new organization with American participation. In cooperation with a few others, as President of the League of Nations Association, he organized a research body entitled: "The Commission to Study the Organization of Peace." This body produced some bold ideas, which prompted John Foster Dulles to remark in 1949: "I can say in all sincerity that the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace made an indispensable contribution to the creation of the United Nations."

Shotwell was one of a committee of five, under Sumner Welles's chairmanship, which prepared the first rough working draft of the Charter.

The Department of State invited forty-two national organizations to name consultants to the United States Delegation at San Francisco. Shotwell was immediately elected their chairman. Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius said that the consultants played an important part in strengthening the Human Rights provisions of the Charter and in drafting Article 71, which provided for consultation between private organizations and the United Nations.

Probably no one at San Francisco knew that so soon after the Conference was adjourned the world would enter the atomic age. Shortly after the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, Shotwell organized a committee of distinguished citizens to consider the military and peaceful implications of this awful discovery. In an address before the American Physical Society in January, 1946, he said: "Thus it was that the bursting of the atomic bomb brought thoughtful people everywhere face to face with the fact that this national system, which until now has been regarded as the supreme political creation of modern times, is wholly inadequate to deal with the universal fact which now confronts us."

In his last fifteen years of life Professor Shotwell felt a great compulsion to write on as many subjects as he could for posterity. He wanted to leave his memoirs for his family. Because of his humane sympathy and sense of justice his name could be found frequently among other courageous liberals protesting against what they felt was a violation of human rights.

And so his days gradually drew to a close. Three weeks before he died he remarked to a friend that his life was not too bad—he could still enjoy his madrigal recordings.

—CLARK M. EICHELBERGER.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## A Leg to Stand on

In reply to James J. Kilpatrick's letter to the editor [*SR*, July 31] concerning my reference to the NBC's peacock "laying eggs," Mr. Kilpatrick, of course, indicates it should have been a "peahen." There's been a handful of similar complaints but I was too embarrassed to get involved in an exchange of sex letters with complete strangers.

I looked it up in the unabridged, bypassing my secretary—I didn't want to get her involved in this messy umbilical dispute.

The definition: "The male of, or, in common usage, any individual of the large gallinaceous birds of the genus Pavo."

That's the Pavo I had in mind. It's the same Pavo as the husband who comes around passing out smokes and says: "Have a cigar. I just had a baby." From the looks of him, the tell-tale marks of a long period of gestation, the labor, and the carton of cigarettes he inhaled, no one may doubt he just had a baby. He even struts like a Pavo.

If this isn't a satisfactory refutation, Mr. K., I have others. But—and you'll pardon my asking—why should I lay all my eggs in one basket?

Goodman Ace.

New York, N.Y.

## Two Views of a Historian

Professor Commager's deduction in his article, "A Historian Looks at Our Political Morality" [*SR*, July 10] is valid as strictly *deductive,* as syllogistic formulation will show:

Intolerance should not be tolerated.
Anti-Communism is intolerance.
Therefore, anti-Communism should not be tolerated.

But opponents would change the minor premise, and come up with an equally valid deduction as strictly *deductive:*

Intolerance should not be tolerated.
Communism is intolerance.
Therefore, Communism should not be tolerated.

The affair turns out to be one of values, rather than logic—and therefore an affair of emotional reputability, rather than intellectual respectability.

Haver C. Currie.

Austin, Texas

Please accept my thanks for the article by Henry Steele Commager. We need such statements as this made without hedging.

Lou LaBrant.

New Orleans, La.

Henry Steele Commager should stick to history. When he gets into the field of ideas, he gets fuzzy-minded.

Apparently he does not realize that Communism is slavery—political, moral, psychological and economic.

Ellery Hanson.

Atlanta, Ga.

## Double Trouble

I have a serious problem with *SR*, which, it seems to me, must be shared by others.

Despite my addiction to the weekly Double-Crostic, I find that there are times when the new Double-Crostic arrives before I have had a chance to start, much less finish, the old one. This makes it impossible for me to read Trade Winds because the solution to last week's Double-Crostic is printed on the same page and it is impossible for me to keep my eyes from roaming to the solution and thus wasting last week's Double-Crostic.

Does anybody have a solution? Or am I the only reader who enjoys the Double-Crostic *and* Trade Winds?

H. Raymond Cluster,
Attorney-at-law.

Baltimore, Md.

*"Instead of always bouncing my checks, why don't you just credit my account with a minus?"*

## True and False Prints

In informing the public about fake "original" prints, it is equally important not to mislead them about genuine originals. Imprecise wording by the Print Council which you reported in Katharine Kuh's article "The Lively Art of Fakery" [*SR*, June 26] implied that book illustrations and pages from art magazines could not be original prints. In fact, it is as illustrations that original prints have historically functioned and achieved their esteem. Everyone should be aware that an original print is *printed,* and more often than not the plate is good for thousands of quality impressions.

The current economically motivated practice of running off editions of less than 100 prints as separate works of art should not preclude the equally legitimate place of the original print as an illustration. When both find their way to the market place, as they have, price structure cannot determine esthetic values any more than a pencil signature or number can. In the area of forgery, ironically, the unsigned and unnumbered original print in a book would be very uneconomical to fake, whereas the single sheet, signed edition would not.

But the point is hardly a financial one. The original print is a valid art form which is especially suited to wide distribution at popular prices. The extent to which this possibility has actually been discouraged by groups like the Print Council is a loss to the art world, not a gain. The only requirement ever needed was simply a fuller explanation by the artist and printmaker of how the original print was produced. If the Print Council addressed itself to the need for meaningful information about original prints rather than to economics, it would better fulfil its aims.

Lawrence M. Saphire.

Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

## Protesting Youth

I regret that you did not have Mr. Harold Taylor extend his fascinating remarks in the article "American Idealism, 1965" [*SR*, June 26]. It must be obvious to all older professors that many young people feel kindly toward the poor old and the poor young.

Some of our thoughtful Northern Illinois University students here recently organized a Young Citizens Council. Why? They think that the young, who must pay the increases in the Social Security taxes every pay day for many years, should pay less. Specifically, they want to freeze Social Security taxes at present levels until the tax-payer reaches the age of thirty-five. They object to forcing the rich and poor young to provide windfall benefits for the rich and middle-income old.

Frank G. Dickinson,
Professor of Economics,
Northern Illinois University.

DeKalb, Ill.



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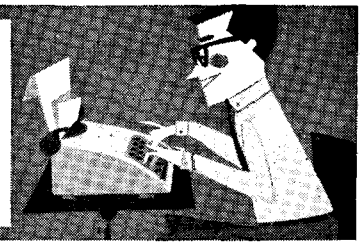
# Top of My Head



## The Home of the Freeway

EVERY summer well-meaning friends with beach homes on Long Island ask: "Where are you going this weekend?" I always answer: "On the terrace." Their empathy oozes from every pore and their solicitous invitations to help get me out of the city for the weekend are so overwhelming that I begin to feel I'm the kid in the ad beseeching to be sent to camp.

Of course these are people who haven't discovered New York City during summer weekends of July and August. Shops closed, streets empty, it's a veritable Dodge City. All taxis are not only on duty but they climb sidewalks and kneel low on their bumpers imploring to be taken.

The same sun that shines on the beaches shines on the terrace. And when it gets too hot there's the cool breeze in the shade of an air conditioner inside the apartment. And the stillness! You don't know what communing with nature is until you've sat in the golden hush of a sunny New York summer afternoon weekend broken only by the occasional hum of a defrosting refrigerator. I've always thought the mayor or somebody should turn down the sound of the waves on the beaches. It even drowns out the commercials on my transistor radio.

SO we politely regret invitations to spend Fridays through Sundays. No one invites you to spend Mondays through Fridays, certainly a more desirable time to get away from the hustle and fumes and torn-up streets. It's surprising they don't. Most New Yorkers can't abide New York during weekdays. The only people who really dig it are from Con Edison.

There was a time some years ago when we accepted weekend invitations to the beaches. But they were disastrous. It was the telephoned instructions how to get there which started things off badly. The first instruction: "If you want to avoid all that weekend traffic you better start early. The best hour is late Thursday night or early Friday morning." Since this choice of hours turns out to be one and the same, 2 AM, we decide to leave at our convenience on Friday toward noon.

Now the dictated instructions:

"Turn off at Exit 36 till you come to a Bohack. (When it was too late we realized we should have spent the weekend at that supermarket). Turn right at Bohack till the yellow filling station and turn left at the third stop light. Our house is a half mile south of that."

By this time you don't know your south from your north so you drive back to Bohack and ask if they handle compasses. They don't. But there's a phone at the garage a half mile west. By this time you don't know your west from your east, so you drive aimlessly around and finally locate the garage. Your hosts are always surprised to hear you're in a garage.

"How did you get *there*?"

It wasn't easy. They command we stay there and they will meet us in their car and we can follow them in. Our safari finally arrives at their split-level oasis. We are hilariously greeted by the clamor of their three small sons as if we were McDivitt and White. And the quiet weekend at the beach begins.

During our last four successive visits to the Long Island beach it rained continuously. (This was when water flowed like water). Well, our hosts decided the night would be great for sleeping.

DO you rhapsodize at, or are you an aficionado of, or have you tried to sleep to the crackling croaking of a cricket in your bedroom throughout the entire night?

By the following morning and all through Sunday our cast of happy beach-home owners had been transformed into Jeanne Eagelses. As had the small sons of beach owners.

Our last leavetaking of Long Island was something less than gay. Our host had offered to lead us to the main highway but as his sons came out to wave a fond goodbye the tiniest of the tots fell the full length of his twenty-eight inches on the wet grass and set up a terrifying wail. We left the father administering to the kid who was now in the last stages of a scratched knee. We insisted we could find our way back to New York from Long Island without his help.

Much later that night we spent our first peaceful weekend evening in a motel just outside West Philadelphia.

—GOODMAN ACE.

*"I don't feel very well. I ate at your pavilion at the Fair . . ."*



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# Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

## A Matter of Critical Opinion

IN SPITE of many letters from *SR* readers, I continue to believe that Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* is an uncommonly bad novel and Saul Bellow's *Herzog* an uncommonly good one.

About *Herzog*, critics were generally agreed, although two or three attacked the book on one ground or another. *An American Dream*, on the other hand, elicited strong differences of opinion. Most of the reviews I saw were unfavorable, but Mailer had defenders in high places—Conrad Knickerbocker in the *New York Times*, John Aldridge in *Life*, Richard Poirier in *Commentary*.

Of the unfavorable reviews, Stanley Edgar Hyman's in the *New Leader* was the most amusing and the most devastating. Hyman wrote: "*An American Dream* is a dreadful novel, perhaps the worst I have read since beginning this column, since it is infinitely more pretentious than the competition. Mailer's novel is bad in that absolute fashion that makes it unlikely that he could ever have written anything good. Since its awfulness is really indescribable, instead of trying to describe it I will try to communicate its quality by allowing three of its constituents to represent the whole. These are: its plot, its mystique of human smells, and its tropes." One of the many atrocious similes Hyman quotes is: "I cried within like a just-cracked vase might shriek for cement."

The favorable reviews often have pertinent things to say about Mailer's intentions, but, it seems to me, they mistake intention for achievement. Richard Poirier, for example, writes: "Rojack's perversities create in him a desire for health, associated with privacy, duty, difficulty of loving another, a desire that involves, implicitly and without cant, the acceptance of guilt for the nature of his own life and for the ruinous life around him." I can't imagine where Poirier finds evidence for these assertions. But apparently belief comes easy to him, for he quotes a long passage full of ineptitudes as an example of Mailer's great stylistic power.

We know what Mailer was trying to do, for he stated in an interview in the *New York Post*: "The book is absolutely a myth—I'm trying to create a modern myth." After a crack at "nice little Johnny Updike," he continues: "But to get into the serious business of writing a book without a legend, to in fact create a legend about a modern Greek whose heroic conception of existence was formed in his childhood sitting in the caves of the gods watching Hollywood movies is considered so fantastic that the critics who liked my book felt obliged to applaud me for my courage in writing it." But Stephen Rojack is no more a hero than his creator, who resembles him in many ways and would be glad, I am sure, to resemble him in more.

One more quotation from the *Post* interview: "The only idea in *An American Dream* (it is the idea which I think makes the book so repellent to some reviewers) is that love is the one human condition we never capture without paying an extraordinary and continuing price." But what evidence is there that Mailer, who knows quite a lot about sex, knows anything about love? Even Richard Poirier, one of his admirers, writes: "The attitudes towards sex, for example, are strangely puritanical, lacking any acknowledgment of the power not of sexual dexterity merely, but of sexual tenderness and of pleasures within the capacity of ordinarily able-bodied persons."

In the course of the interview Mailer remarked, "But what guts for Conrad Knickerbocker and John Aldridge to say something nice about my book. There are people thinking now how best to break their heads." What egotism! Indeed, what paranoia! To suggest that Mailer is a little bit cracked is not to rule him out as a novelist. Many eminent artists have been crazier than Mailer makes himself out to be, much crazier than in fact he is. But they have been creative enough to turn their madness to high literary account. Not so, at this point, Mailer.

The problem of *Herzog* is considerably simpler. When the complainants charge that the novel is dull, they mean, I think, that it is difficult. And it *is* difficult, as I said in my review (*SR*, Sept. 19, 1964). I read it twice and would have gone through it again if I had had time. But many of the major novels of our day are difficult—Joyce's *Ulysses*, for example, Mann's *Doctor Faustus*, Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. The point is that they are worth the effort they demand, and so is *Herzog*.

What happened to the book is clear enough. As I have said, most of the critics praised it, and, more than that, they wrote about it with an unusual excitement. When I saw the first batch of reviews, I was willing to bet that *Herzog* would be a best-seller, though I had no idea that it would do as well as it has done. From the reviews, almost anyone

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who read fiction at all was likely to feel that this was a novel he must read.

The consequence was that *Herzog* was bought by thousands and thousands of people who are not in the habit of reading difficult novels. They expect to be pulled through a book, not to have to work their way. Moreover, Bellow had assumed that the readers would have a certain literary and philosophical background that middlebrows—as Dwight Macdonald calls them—mostly don't have. It is not at all surprising that many middlebrows felt they had been gypped, though I am sure that a goodly number were stimulated to make the necessary effort and found the novel an exciting experience.

In his speech accepting the National Book Award (*SR*, April 3), Saul Bellow said, "There is nothing left for us novelists to do but to think. For unless we think, unless we make a clearer estimate of our condition, we will continue to write kid stuff, to fail in our function; we will lack serious interests and become truly irrelevant." Though he usually presents himself in the guise of a clown, Herzog is, above everything else, a man thinking, and part of Bellow's triumph is the creation of a form of novel in which ideas are important. Mailer's Stephen Rojack, it may be remembered, is also presented as an intellectual—like Herzog an author and professor—but the few ideas he has are either trivial or absurd. He has even less interest in ideas than Mailer himself. Herzog, on the other hand, is a thoughtful character who has been given life by a thoughtful author. When one compares the intellectual richness of *Herzog* with the mindlessness of *An American Dream*, one has some measure of Bellow's superiority.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

**FRASER YOUNG'S**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1148**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1148 will be found in the next issue.*

"LOVE FUNIPAD?" MD M LOPE

JNIPAD, M'C BGO HEHN.

KVPFUP

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1147***

*A prohibitionist is the sort of man one wouldn't care to drink with—even if he drank.* —MENCKEN.

# LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

## Stubborn Facts

THE FLEETING ALLUSION to our book in the review of Kenneth Clark's valuable *Dark Ghetto* [*SR*, June 5] raises some points of general interest as well as a few ruffled feathers of vanity.

1. The title of our book, *The Transformation of the Negro American*, is not "an affirmation of continuing alienation" but quite the contrary. We reasoned from analogy: Irish American, Italian American, Negro American. These imperfect terms reflect trends toward integration that American Irish, American Italian, and American Negro do not. Negro as the adjective instead of the noun recognizes that Negroes are taking a more active role in determining their destiny in America, that a transformation is taking place.

2. Our book is neither a tract nor an essay but a dispassionate interpretation of stubborn and complicated facts. We could make them easy and simple only by telling less of the truth than we know. Incidentally, while listing some chapters of our book, your reviewer might have mentioned the ones about jobs and incomes. We show, for example, how much Negro education is worth when it comes to be translated into jobs and dollars. . . .

The reviewer . . . does neither us nor himself credit when he suggests that only a hortative exposition deserves public attention. Rhetoric does not necessarily lead to understanding. . . . Public policy in the 1960s needs the guidance of both numbers and words, even though only a few readers may find the former as eloquent as the latter. . . .

3. The reviewer says that it is a long way from Harlem to Austin and thus implies that it is somehow a disqualification to write a book on this nationwide problem in Texas. This we do not believe, either from the standpoint of social inquiry or from the standpoint of participating in the improvement of the whole society. There is no hiding place. Regional parochialism, whether it originates in Austin or New York creates spurious problems, hindering constructive approaches to major issues.

LEONARD BROOM.
NORVAL D. GLENN.

Austin, Tex.

## OP Into Focus

DAVID DEMPSEY'S ARTICLE [*SR*, June 12] on reprinting . . . put into focus many facets of this little-publicized yet increasingly important field of publishing. . . .

A development which we see as being of timely importance is the institution of a reprint publishers association . . . We plan tentatively to arrange a symposium later in the year to see what can be accomplished along these lines.

WILLIAM W. COWAN,
Oceana Publications, Inc.

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

## Kindness Returning

LIKE JANE JONJAK [LETTERS TO THE BOO REVIEW EDITOR, *SR*, May 22], I don't b lieve the novel will die; I believe, in fac that kindness is already coming back literature. . . . GEORGE MARVILL.

Leeds, England

## Where East Sees West

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS's report from Leni grad [THE EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, *S* June 19] contains several inaccuracies. A cording to Mr. Clements, "the younger i tellectuals here are reading European ar American books without waiting for the to be translated. They read a monthly jou nal devoted exclusively to Western Eur pean letters; they frequent the bookstor selling Western literature," etc. Now, tl fact is that there is no Soviet journal d voted exclusively to European literatur The monthly *Inostrannaya literatura* dea with all foreign literature, and much of i contents is devoted to literatures of the sa ellite countries and to "progressive" writir in the newly independent countries of Afr Asia. Also, with the exception of a sing counter in a solitary Moscow booksto where some French books may occasional be found, not one bookstore in all of tl Soviet Union sells any Western editions. Tl USSR has no counterparts of firms that s Soviet books in the West, such as the Fo Continents Book Corporation of New Yor Victor Kamkin's Bookstore of Washingto Cross World of Chicago, Maison du Liv Etranger of Paris and Collett's of Londo

MAURICE FRIEDBERG.

New York, N.Y.

I AM PLEASED to have Professor Friedbe set the record straight on that elusive jou nal "devoted exclusively to Western Eur pean letters," a magazine so described to n by a Leningrad teacher who promised send me a copy, but has not yet done so. becomes increasingly probable that he mu have been referring to *Inostrannaya liter tura*, the journal devoted to European ar other literatures from which I have occ sionally quoted in these pages.

It is, however, no "inaccuracy" to sta that younger intellectuals are reading Eur pean and American authors without waitir for these to be translated. If it is true th books printed in Western Europe, but n texts of Western literature manufactured Russia in the original or in translation, a almost as unavailable as Professor Friedbe claims, this hardly invalidates my statemer since the new generation of intellectua have various ways of obtaining new bes sellers from the West—through journalist friends, tourists, occasional travel outsid the foreign-language libraries in Mosco and Leningrad, where books do not circ



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late but where students of language or literature obtain cards, or even through hectographed copies of Western books sometimes distributed to young members by the Union of Soviet Writers. Whichever of these expedients are being used by them, several young writers and teachers discussed with me Genet, Vittorini, Hesse, Grass, and others still untranslated. This is the most conclusive answer I can give Mr. Friedberg.

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

New York, N.Y.

### Valentine for Jean

IN PAUL FUSSELL'S Poetry Round-up in *SR*, July 3, *Dream Barker and Other Poems*, by Jean Valentine, was wrongly ascribed to Jean Barker. I take this opportunity to reaffirm that Jean Valentine's poems (good ones) are written by Jean Valentine and not by a gremlin named Jean Barker.

JOHN CIARDI.

New York, N.Y.

### Someone Was Hurt

IT IS UNFORTUNATE if, as Lionel Casson claims [*SR*, June 5], the translation of Cesare Pavese's *Dialogues with Leucò* leaves something to be desired. It is also ironic, for not only was Pavese Italy's foremost translator of American literature, but he was able to write the American vernacular with ease and poetic excellence. To illustrate this, and also as a reflection of the unhappiness of Pavese's love life, I thought some *SR* readers might be interested in the following poem written by Pavese in English:

**Last Blues, to Be Read Some Day**

'Twas only a flirt
you sure did know—
someone was hurt
long time ago.

All is the same
time has gone by—
some day you came
some day you'll die.

Someone has died
long time ago—
someone who tried
but didn't know.

ALLEN C. FISCHER.

New York, N.Y.

### Porter's Bitter Portraits

CONTRARY TO GRANVILLE HICKS [*SR*, June 5], I found Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* not at all "lifeless." Although hindered by a total absence of plot, the novel can nevertheless delight the reader through its bitter, clear-cut portraits showing people's motivations, thoughts, and actions. . . .

D. P. KRONISH.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

### Last Honors

OF ALL THE LITERARY REQUIEMS for Mary Flannery O'Connor, *SR*'s May 29 was tops—by a Dominican nun.

PAUL BRINDEL, K. G.

Novato, Calif.

# The European Literary Scene

**Disillusionment plagued European** letters when Hemingway arrived on the scene. The writer's journalistic training and experience should have left him a real Jeremiah: the blood-baths on the Italian front, the Rapallo Conference, the Ruhr, the Greco-Turkish battles, and eventually Mussolini and Hitler. Yet his message was anything but negative. As Heinrich Straumann of Zurich puts it, "It seems probable that the extraordinary unity of content, attitude, and expression was the main reason for the special appeal of Hemingway's work to his own 'lost' generation in Europe. It precisely confirmed what the generation largely felt about the shattered hopes for a better world and strengthened them in their belief that only absolute honesty toward themselves and their appetites would permit of anything like a new beginning. . . . He contributed considerably toward the reshaping of the European image of American men and women. It was an image more fundamentally human in its elementary and often inarticulate aspects and therefore closer to his contemporaries of the Old World."

This statement was made during a symposium held at the Villa Serbelloni in Bellagio during September 1960. Amid the breath-taking beauty and unbroken calm of Lake Como, scholars from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Norway, and Sweden considered the sometimes stormy reception of Hemingway in their homelands. Under the title of *The Literary Reputation of Hemingway in Europe* these fascinating talks (amplified by two further essays on the novelist's critical reception in Russia and Spain) have at last been published by Minard in Paris (American edition, NYU Press). The chapters tell us as much about critical moods and vogues in Europe as they do about Hemingway, and that is considerable.

Perhaps no author's *succès d'estime* shows so many fluctuations over three decades. There were the accolades topped by the Nobel Prize of 1954—awarded too late, according to many. Even *Pravda* hailed him in death as "a universal voice." He was posthumously acknowledged by the Swedes as an incarnation and mirror of our time, by the French as a major stylistic innovator, by the Italians as a creator of their neorealism.

There were of course the brickbats, especially Wyndham Lewis's tenacious epithet, "the Dumb Ox," which first appeared in that critic's 1934 essay in *Life and Letters*. Lewis and others in England found the early Hemingway cheap, coarse, emotional, and bent on proletarianizing the English language. The otherwise amiable Arturo Barea helped to undermine Hemingway by his famous review of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the burden of which was implicit in the article's title, "Not Spain but Hemingway." There were periods of hostility in Russia as well, when his fiction was condemned for its "vulgar sociological basis" and crypto-Trotskyism.

Hemingway's fortunes were conditioned in Europe by the East-West political cleavage, the cultural situation of the country in question, and by the varying quality and content of his successive novels. Thus, in peaceful Norway, where there was no "lost" generation, Hemingway translations started slowly, but by 1961 a check in the Bergen library proved Hemingway more read than Sigrid Undset or Knut Hamsun; indeed, they claimed that he was their most popular author. Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland, countries which had not undergone the experiences of war, were much slower in picking up the thread, while in Germany the process of early recognition was abruptly stopped with the beginnings of the Hitler régime, and when it could start again after the end of World War II the situation had fundamentally changed.

The selfsame novel was occasionally both praised and damned as East and West critics maintained their alignments. *The Bell* pleased most Western critics, but in the Soviet Union Ivan Kashkin was typical in castigating Hemingway for distorting events and failing to discern the roots of Fascism. Extremism makes strange bedfellows: the very novels that Nazi troops removed from libraries in Norway were denounced by Marxist critics in the East. Not unexpectedly, Communist journals welcomed American Marxists who belittled their own countryman, and Howard Fast obliged in his *Literaturbriefe* by applying to *The Old Man and the Sea* terms like "nonsense" and "intellectual level of a twelve-year-old."

It was in 1934 that Eliot wrote his individual comment on Hemingway, "He has at the moment a popularity which I think (it is a high compliment) is largely undeserved." (Efforts to find parallels to Eliot's objective correlative in Hemingway brought out Papa's won-



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derful rejoinder: "Mr. Eliot works his side of the street and I work mine.") In the 1960s Hemingway is beyond the reach of Eliot's high compliments, and popularity has been replaced by immortality. The veneration of the newest generation of Europeans is personalized in the granite effigy erected to him by Evtushenko after the latter caught a glimpse of him in the Copenhagen airport (see poem).

**If Ian Fleming** had remained a mere writer of thrillers, serious literary critics in Europe wouldn't have touched him. But having become a phenomenon, he is the darling of sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, as well as literary critics. Kingsley Amis's *The James Bond Dossier* (London, Jonathan Cape; New York, New American Library) marked the trend, now even better illustrated by a volume I received a fortnight ago in Rome fresh off the presses: *Il Caso Bond* (Bompiani). Its authors represent several disciplines. Following the lead of Bernard Bergonzi's "The Case of Mr. Fleming," highlighting the author's voyeurism and sado-masochism, Fausto Antonini contributes a "Psychoanalysis of 007." Fleming fares worse than Bond. "If in fact Bond seems deprived of complexes, how abundant they are, on the contrary, in his creator Fleming! In Fleming there is especially the clear and typical expression of a repression and a series of sublimations related to the sadist-anal phase of his psychosexual development." In another essay, Romano Calisi accuses Fleming of inventing a mythical hero, possibly a folk hero extolling the Aryan race, within a socio-politico-geographical vacuum. Other essays analyze the breadth of appeal that made the 007 novels favorite reading of both President Kennedy and his alleged assassin, Lee Oswald. The book is provocative in its variety of approach. It is useful thanks to its survey by Laura Lilli of study heretofore devoted to Fleming.

Publication of this book inspired a symposium in Feltrinelli's new bookstore on Via del Babbuino in Rome. Participants, including the blonde heroine of *From Russia with Love,* represented several professions. Among the points made: Fleming's racism sets up a pyramid of ethical status—Englishmen at the top, Americans slightly lower, Turks (those from the mountains favored over those from the plains) and North Africans next, Eurasians and Asians at the bottom. To Fleming the French are dangerous because of their chronic liver trouble. His women are never virgins; they are what Dumas *fils* described as slightly bruised peaches, having been at least once victimized by rapists or sadists; they are spiritually sleeping, like princesses awaiting the magic kiss of the prince. Fleming's political views evolved with an evolving world: the novel *From Russia with Love* has 007 struggling against Kremlin agents, whereas in the later film Bond's antagonist is not the USSR but the S.P.E.C.T.R.E. apparatus to which Dr. No had belonged.

It is a shame that Fleming is no longer around to defend Bond (and himself) from this avalanche of analysis. For as Fleming put it in his last interview: although he didn't particularly like Bond, a sort of mutual sympathy had grown up between them.

**If the Russians,** as we reported from Leningrad, are unaware of James Bond, they have long known his predecessor Sherlock Holmes. In 1962 they held a Symposium on the Structural Study of Symbols, the facts of which have now been published. As an example therein of "research on narrative structures in mass culture," the Russian J. K. Sheglov contributes a paper entitled "Toward the Construction of a Structural Model of the Novels of Sherlock Holmes." As evidence of a new approach of Soviet criticism, derived however from earlier work on Russian folktales by A. Propp, I quote a fragment:

> The central theme of the Sherlock Holmes novels is what we shall call "situation S-D," for Security-Danger. This consists of the constant counterposing of domestic intimacy, civil life, security, comfort (the Baker Street apartment of Holmes, his very presence, robust walls, hearth, pipe, etc.) and the fearful and mysterious world which surrounds this citadel (a world in which the average man, the client, lives and incurs various perils). All the plot consists substantially in the encounter, in the mutual penetration, and in the conflict of these two principles. The novels cater to the psychology of the average reader (prototypes of the client and of Watson) in so far as they oblige him to feel a pleasant nostalgia for his own fireside and respond to his hopes for avoiding perils, observing them from a safe vantage point, as from the window, and leaving the care of his fate to a strong personality, a defender, a friend: Holmes. Each one of the two poles, S and D, is unthinkable without the other and exists only in this opposition. The schema assumes diverse forms, but without substantially changing, and becomes recognizable in a series of motifs, on either the suggestive or descriptive level; among these for example we can point out the reading of the newspaper in front of of the hearth by Holmes and Watson (the newspaper is at the same time an element of domestic comfort and source of news about crimes, murders, etc.); the peering from the window at the fog and murky weather in the streets outside (making comments on the ease with which scoundrels are doubtless able to carry out their evil designs), etc.

Structural analysis is not, like the telephone and the wireless and no doubt the wheel, an invention of the Russians. Yet this excerpt and the trend it represents are important. They mark a tergiversation, a rebuff to Marxist and *proletcult* critics, who objected to studying literature through laboratory methods, through formal, structural, and statistical techniques. —Robert J. Clements.

## Meeting

HE WENT, to the crowd of tourists furrowing,
As if barely from the helm.
And like the sea's foam, the beard,
White, bordered his face

. . . . . .

The ground under him seemed to cave in—
Thus heavily he walked on it.
And someone amongst us said to me, smiling:
"Look, just like Hemingway!"
He walked, in each short gesture suppressing
The burdened step of a fisherman.
Entirely from granite scales hewn out,
Walked, as through bullets, through the ages.
He walked, bending down as if in a trench;
Walked, moving apart chairs and people . . .
He so resembled Hemingway!
. . . And later I found out
that it was Hemingway.

—Evgenii Evtushenko, translated by Stephen Jan Parker (from *The Literary Reputation of Hemingway in Europe*)



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# The Social Problem of Sexual Assault

*The urgency of the continuing search for new approaches to the cause, prevention, and cure of delinquency is reflected in three current studies:* ***How Many More Victims? Society and the Sex Criminal,*** *by Gladys Denny Shultz (Lippincott. 363 pp. Bibliography. $6.95);* ***Sex and Crime,*** *by Clinton T. Duffy with Al Hirshberg (Doubleday. 203 pp. $4.50), and* ***Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types,*** *by Paul H. Gebhard, John H. Gagnon, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Cornelia V. Christenson (Harper & Row. 923 pp. Bibliography and Annotated Charts. $12.50). Their significance is evaluated by Judge Anna M. Kross. Commissioner of Correction of the City of New York, she was cited last year by President Lyndon B. Johnson on behalf of the Women's National Press Club "for her initiative in helping bring about major reforms in New York City's correctional system."*

By ANNA M. KROSS

IN ADDITION to its impact on the general public, a sexual offense, which in essence is an assault upon the person and upon human dignity, needs to be viewed in terms of its effect upon the victim, the treatment of the offender, and the causative factor. Although these mutually interactive facets cannot be considered one without the other, each of the books herein examined does place its emphasis on one or the other, so that a reading of the three volumes tends to bring the whole subject into sharper focus.

Gladys Denny Shultz, an author and former editor of *Ladies' Home Journal,* writes from the vantage point of an intended victim who miraculously, mainly by her own ingenuity, was saved from the final indignity of the rapist's thrust. Her vivid style propels the reader through the opening narrative portion of her book to the no less absorbing consideration of the many theoretical and practical questions that the horrifying experience raised in her analytical mind. Her subsequent inquiries led her to consult with leading legal, judicial, and penological authorities, both in person and on the ever-expanding bookshelves.

*How Many More Victims?* stresses the need for scientific research geared toward both prevention of sexual assaults and effective treatment of sexual offenders. But the author's solicitude for the victim is equally strong. As she points out:

> To date... more concern and attention have been accorded the accused man, whether guilty or not guilty, than the victim. In all my reading, I have come upon only one writer who has dealt with the emotional burden laid upon the woman who has been the object of a forcible sex attack. Several studies have been made of child victims of sex offenders, but mainly from the standpoint of trying to learn to what extent the child had invited, or had been an active collaborator in, the offense. There has seemed to be little interest in finding out what the effects are for the unwilling victim who has been attacked without warning, subjected to an unutterably nasty, horrifying, degrading ordeal against her will and through no fault of her own, and left alive.

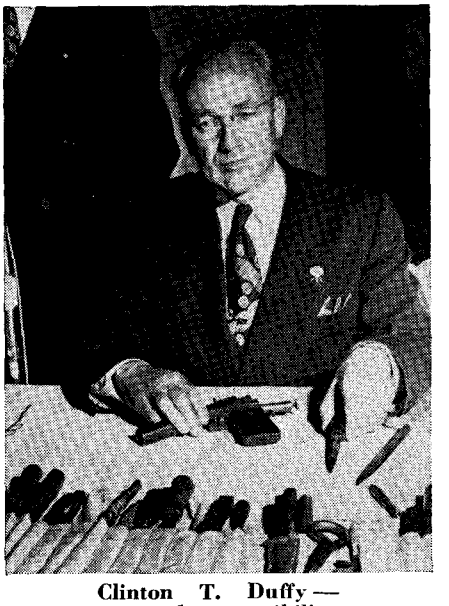
Save for the aggravated psychopath who finds pleasure in boasting of his deeds, apprehended sex offenders commonly defend themselves by implying that they were just innocent bystanders, wrongly accused. For such cases, which boil down to the unsupported word of the victim against the unsupported word of the accused man, Mrs. Shultz suggests psychiatric and psychological examination of both, the findings to be entered as part of the court record.

> Leaving all to the haphazard workings of a law based on misconceptions, and administered by persons who are ruled by prejudices of one kind or another, fails to protect the victim, the community, and the sexually sick man, in a real sense. For it is no kindness to a sick man to let him run free and commit more and more serious crimes, until he arrives at the ultimate one. Judge [Morris] Ploscowe [in his book, *Sex and the Law*] has said that a man who will forcibly rape a woman unknown to him will also commit murder, and the record would appear to bear him out in this.

All these books deal fairly comprehensively with the nature and cause of sex offenses and the violence that accompanies many categories. Their consensus is that, particularly under conditions that exclude all normal heterosexual contact, neither present-day punitive incarceration nor even modern psychiatric research has yet evolved a cure for a large proportion of the men convicted of serious sex offenses.

As I can testify from my own experience of twenty years on the Criminal Court Bench and almost a full dozen years as Commissioner of Correction of the City of New York (the largest municipal penal system in the world, having both men and women prisoners), imprisonment *per se* is perhaps the least effective cure that has ever been devised for almost any social ill, particularly sexual offenses. True security for the community can be spelled out in two words: prevention and rehabilitation.

Mrs. Shultz examines at length the role that forensic medicine should play in our attack on what has up to now been an apparently insoluble problem. Socio-medical and psychiatric examinations should, she advises, be made routinely in all states—as they already are in some—before the trial of individuals charged with crimes that indicate a strong possibility of mental illness, particularly in cases of sex offenses. It is, asserts Mrs. Shultz, peculiarly the job of organized women to ensure that our



**Clinton T. Duffy — parental responsibility.**



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future handling of such problems will be more enlightened and productive of good results than has heretofore been the case. In Wisconsin it was the women's organizations, she notes, which furnished the major impetus in bringing that state's excellent system into being. After all, she emphasizes, the goal of women is their own safety and that of their children.

> Women's organizations such as the Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, and the P.T.A., which have had experience in legislative matters, could serve as a focal point, drawing in the men's organizations, the bar, the medical associations, the labor unions, the welfare agencies, experts of many kinds.

Recognizing that many cogent reforms have been introduced by men, Mrs. Shultz remarks that there is no law which says that men, singly or in groups, may not initiate such an effort.

Well over two decades ago the General Federation of Women's Clubs introduced a program like that advocated by Mrs. Shultz, with forty-eight State Federations—together with the member Federations of the District of Columbia and Alaska—joining forces in the fight to prevent delinquency. Toward this end they launched a Youth Conservation Program, concerning which President Harry S. Truman wrote: "The General Federation of Women's Clubs deserves heartfelt thanks for what it is doing. . . . There is no problem more significant in its bearing on the future." If this program had continued as forcibly and effectively as it started, the rising tide of juvenile and adult delinquency might well have been stayed. But too many of the good women lost interest in the denizens of the wrong side of the tracks, forgetting that crime is a major communicable disease which finds the artificial boundary line no barrier to its spread. With this new call to arms by Mrs. Shultz one may hope for a dedicated response that will put the women of our country back where they belong: in the vanguard of the fight for the legislative and judicial reforms as well as the scientific procedures in which our hope for a future healthy community lies.

The involvement of women in these problems is not neglected by Clinton T. Duffy in his book, *Sex and Crime*. A long-time member of the California Parole Board and the architect of many solid penological achievements, the famous ex-warden of San Quentin approaches the matter in terms of individual parental responsibility:

> Motherhood is a demanding job which requires a delicacy of balance which some women seem unable to achieve. They are either too hard or too soft, too disparaging or too approving, too permissive or too strict, too cold or too warm, too distant or too protective.

The complete objectivity that Mr. Duffy appears to demand of mothers if their children are to grow up as healthy and law-abiding citizens is quite a formidable requirement—particularly since the father's role is discussed only briefly, whereas the "Mother Problems" are accorded a full chapter.

PEOPLE who get into trouble because their sex problems are "more than they can handle," says Mr. Duffy, make up the vast bulk of our prison population. By itself that statement might stand unchallenged, but his expansion of its implications to include, for instance, every second-story man does seem somewhat excessive—despite the interesting corroborative case histories that are presented. Though the sex drive is certainly acknowledged as the strongest human urge, and with the sex offender more often than not obsessively and compulsively so, the hunger drive—not alone for food—is often equally strong and would seem to be the major factor in many cases of house-breaking. Man's drive to attain certain business and societal status even to the extent of employing illicit means frequently seems to be operative quite beyond any sexual involvement, except in the purely Freudian sense.

Mr. Duffy describes psychotherapy in the California prison system and its occasional good results. Strange as it may seem, he points out, it is only in prison that some men have found anyone to care what happens to them, anyone to try to straighten them out. He traces ethnic crime patterns in a manner that at times seems more eclectic than real, perhaps because the statements are more positive than any proof adduced in these pages.

The question of the criminal abortionist arises in *Sex and Crime*, as it does in the other two books under consideration, even though the incidence of convicted abortionists is relatively low due to the unwillingness of the victims to testify against persons often regarded as minor saviors by those who turn to them for a way out of their personal dilemmas.

> . . . the quickest cure for illegal abortion [writes Mr. Duffy] is to make it legal, for, like drinking and gambling, it cannot be legislated out of existence. Laws or no laws, women will have abortions; and it stands to reason that the practitioners who perform them had better be licensed physicians, not less than three, who know what they are doing. . . . Countries where abortion is legal have practically eliminated these murderous quacks.

*"For heaven's sake, Lovelace, my boy, make up your mind! Do you want to be a cavalier or do you want to be a poet?"*



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niversal legalization of both birth con-
ol and abortion would, Mr. Duffy ob-
rves, go far toward eliminating at the
urce those elements of our population
at seem to have the greatest tendency
ward criminal eruption.

No child should be asked to start life with a rapist for a father and a weakling for a mother, any more than a child should be asked to start life on welfare, or in a family too large for a father to support, or in illegitimacy, or with a crippling illness or handicap, or as the product of a home that obviously never had a chance.

In a relevant and precedent-making
ling during the month of June 1965
e New York State Court of Claims
ld that a child born as the result of
e rape of a state mental patient may
e to recover damages for having been
ought into the world. This case, which
regarded as a test of the state's duty
perform requested therapeutic abor-
ns, would, if upheld on appeal, es-
blish New York as the first state to
cognize wrongful birth as a legitimate
use for legal action. The trend of the
nes is obvious, and we must never for-
t the vast debt that all humanity owes
this regard to the heroic labors of
argaret Sanger and her dedicated co-
orkers, who did not hesitate to imple-
ent their vision in the face of early
wentieth-century obloquy and even jail
ntences. To the latter-day endeavors
the Planned Parenthood pioneers we
e also indebted. Just as the barriers
gainst dissemination of birth-control in-
rmation are falling in one center of
position after another, so too the new
ility to examine such questions openly
ings ever closer the day when our
portion laws will include due consid-
ation of the health and welfare of the
ild and the economic and social con-
tion of the family.

Mr. Duffy lays great stress on re-
arch aimed at prevention. In common
ith all modern penologists, he would
e to see the day when we can spot
e future offender before he gets into
ouble. He advocates psychiatric clinics
or children and grownups of all ages
erywhere, as there are in some areas
our more progressive states," and
tes reports that indicate the crime po-
ntial of children as young as four and
e years of age can be detected. These
nclusions are supported by the pre-
ction tables in the monumental study
Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck pub-
hed by Harvard University Press, *Pre-
cting Delinquency and Crime*.

"We need a nationwide reassessment
our prison systems," admonishes Mr.
uffy, "for we must place in them the
issing link between the partial reha-
litation results that exist today and
e sensational results that could exist

*"This is a recording. Your call cannot go through as dialed."*

tomorrow. This link is the awareness of the importance of sex as the prime factor of emotional control." Following this premise through to its logical conclusion, Mr. Duffy decries our present system of imprisonment that prohibits any sex life except homosexuality. All convicts, he declares, are potential homosexuals, and most homosexuals are potential convicts; close confinement in a prison atmosphere causes many latent homosexuals to become active. "We should be thinking more in terms of prevention than of justification, of treatment than of toleration, of assistance than acceptance."

Mr. Duffy convincingly advocates that conjugal visits be permitted in all prisons; though found exceedingly effective in other countries, they are allowed in only one of our own states. "Even normal, well-adjusted men," he notes, "find it difficult to get along without women. Is it any wonder that convicts, most of them unstable, poorly adjusted, and anything but normal, find it impossible?" In Mr. Duffy's opinion, a family prison community would aid greatly in preparing the offender for his return to the free world. With his family still intact, with his status as head of the family maintained, with work through which he can pay his prison board, with concomitant family counseling to supplement his own newer understanding of laws and mores attained through judicious psychotherapy, the prisoner and his whole family, the author believes, would emerge from the experience better able to be productive, useful, and law-abiding members of society.

***"No child should be asked to start life with a rapist for a father and a weakling for a mother."***
***—Clinton T. Duffy.***

MRS. Shultz and Mr. Duffy emphasize the fact, supported by some chilling examples, that child molesters are among the felons most difficult to treat and least likely to be cured. Whether detected or not, and far too often he is not, a child molester is a constant repeater and, if not actually insane, is likely to be a sex psychopath with no control over his own actions. Both authors agree that one obvious answer is for society to exercise far stricter control over such persons.

Whether sexually motivated violence is itself actually on the upward swing, or whether the inquiring reporter and the apprehending officer and even the complaining witness have become less restrained in relating the circumstances, is at this time still a moot point. But there can be little question that the new freedom in examining all facets of sex

(*Continued on page* 46)



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# The Rising Cost of Overkill

***Arms, Money, and Politics,*** *by Julius Duscha (Ives Washburn. 210 pp. $4.50), and* ***Perils of Peace: Conversion to What?,*** *by Donald W. Cox (Chilton. 215 pp. $4.95), deal with current and future problems raised by the enormous proportion of money and productive capacity now devoted to our defense program. Arthur E. Burns is professor of economics at George Washington University in Washington, D.C.*

By ARTHUR E. BURNS

THIS country's succession of $50-billion annual defense budgets prompted the writing of these two books. Both authors are worried about such expenditures, but for different reasons.

Julius Duscha is perturbed by the massive waste of resources and the distortion of the economy, consequences that are tolerated and indeed encouraged by the political and economic interests which thrive on anxiety over national security. While Donald Cox is also aware of these problems, he is primarily disturbed by the question of how our present large-scale military production might eventually be converted to peaceful purposes. His concern may seem premature and perhaps exaggerated, but the issue is a real one. The cancellation of a Skybolt program or the closing of an Air Force installation have already given us a foretaste of what we would face in the event of a general arms limitation.

All government expenditure programs raise the cost-benefit question. Defense costs are enormous, and so are the benefits that may be gained—or sacrificed. Duscha points to this country's vast nuclear overkill capacity. What benefits are obtained by increasing this capacity, or refining it marginally, at great cost year after year? Duscha sees few, if any. What benefits would result from a partial diversion of resources to other public purposes? Duscha sees many, and their loss is the real cost of needlessly large defense programs.

These are important questions, but, as Duscha observes, Congress brushes them aside in its haste to approve defense appropriations, while civilian programs usually receive detailed debate and criticism in committees and in both houses. In probing the causes for this contrasting behavior, Duscha contends that a political-military-industrial-labor complex has emerged with deep vested interests in the continuation and expansion of the defense program. The White House, the Congress, even city hall make political capital out of defense contract awards. Both contractors and labor unions have obvious stakes in this business, as do the military services. Politically, defense comes to be viewed in part as a "public employment" program, sanctified in the name of national security, not open to serious question or review. Waste is the result, which Duscha examines in detail, along with the efforts of Defense Secretary McNamara to curb it.

His book deserves serious attention, but some qualification as well. There is a margin of needless cost in the defense program and politics is partly to blame. At the same time there are political pressures working the other way. The services rarely get all they ask for, and they are sometimes ordered to close installations. As Duscha so well brings out, political advantage is taken of national security requirements; but does this on balance materially affect the total outlays, or merely their regional distribution?

Some of the well-publicized costs (c wastes) have nothing to do with poli ical chicanery or indifference. Som weapons systems fail to meet expecta tions; some are canceled before com pletion at great cost. Technologica uncertainties and rapid obsolescenc account for much of this. In retrospec this looks like waste and poor judgmen But when the commitments were mad the programs were judged necessary an the costs reasonable. This *ex post, e ante* distinction is essential in any ap praisal of the problem. *Ex post* w usually spend too much; *ex ante* we ca never be sure. We need a continuin critical debate, as Duscha urges in com pany with *The Wall Street Journal.*

His is not the old-fashioned attac on the machinations of the "munitio makers" and their excessive profit Duscha's cast is larger and the pay-of are more subtle and diverse. With de fense so deeply enmeshed in politic with vast numbers of jobs at stake a well as the economic health of so mar communities, resistance to reduction formidable and, world tensions bein what they are, respectable.

GIVEN this state of affairs, Cox's co cern with large-scale conversion has *touch of unreality about it.* Few a interested in the problem and least all the major defense contractors, mo of whom could not survive the pressur of competitive commercial markets. few Senators, some Congressmen, sca tered groups in executive agencies, an small groups of academic people look *the distant day when arms control a* reduction will face this country with conversion crisis. But conversion what? This is the neglected questi which Cox proceeds to answer. He pr poses a Pentagon for Peace with massi powers and appropriations to mobili defense contractors for the pursuits peace. These include the building cities in Antarctica, bringing water an people to the deserts, establishing i dustry and resorts under sea, exploiti jungle resources, developing poor n tions, exploring the moon, rebuildi urban America. This is GM's Futuram and more to boot.

Conversion of this type and scale the product of an imaginative mind. B some questions arise. Most of the r sources presently committed to defen are unlikely to be suited to Antarctic the jungles, the deserts, or even the u ban slums. Assuming they could adapted, their present geographical co centration is inappropriate for the future tasks. And do these tasks me public needs and private wants? Th must if we are to avoid a sophisticat work relief program financed throu cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts. "Conv sion to what?" is still to be answered.



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# Resentment Was Their Birthright

—From "The Woodcuts of Jakob Steinhardt," Jewish Publication Society.

**"Esau and Jacob"—"... a subtle allegory."**

***Esau and Jacob,*** *by Machado de Assis, translated by Helen Caldwell (University of California Press. 287 pp. $5), recounts the history of twin brothers whose perpetual rivalry defeats their own best attempts at brotherly concord. Emile Capouya's articles and reviews are a regular feature of SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

WITHIN the past fifteen years, American readers have gained access, through translations, to one aspect of the extensive literary production of the Brazilian author Machado de Assis. Two novels of his maturity, *Epitaph of a Small Winner* and *Dom Casmurro,* have appeared in English, and our critics have been inclined to ratify the high esteem in which he is held in his own country, though for the most part they have no firsthand acquaintance with his important writings as a journalist, poet, and essayist in a career that began long before the emancipation of the slaves in 1888 and continued into the first decade of the twentieth century.

Only such persons as are well acquainted with Brazilian history and culture can hope to appreciate Machado's place in both; for most of us, the interesting question is the nature of his contribution to world literature. His countrymen, and many foreign readers, do in fact account him a novelist of more than merely local significance. Miss Helen Caldwell's English version of *Esau and Jacob* (she also translated *Dom Casmurro* and has published a study of that novel) adds to the evidence available to the general reader, and raises again the question of Machado's international stature.

The book is presented as a memoir in the form of a novel, the last of a series of volumes of reminiscences and reflections composed by a retired diplomat. The novel recounts the history of twin brothers, named Pedro and Paulo after the two apostles whose singularly different temperaments are yet embodied in the traditions of the early church. Shortly after the birth of the twins their mother consulted a seer, and learned that they would be great men and accomplish great things—"things fated to be." The boys grow up as rivals for their mother's exclusive regard and for the worldly prizes available to handsome, wealthy, talented men in an era of political and commercial expansion. They fall in love with the same girl; she cannot choose between them; her moral and psychological perplexity prepares the ground for one of those wasting fevers that was apt to kill heroines, in life as well as in literature, a hundred years ago. The brothers make a pact of amity over the dead girl's grave, fortified thereafter by their promise to their dying mother to bear a brotherly spirit toward each other. They are already deputies of opposed parties in the legislature, but they reconcile their personal differences. For a time. Then their feelings degenerate into coolness, irritation, antagonism. Their colleagues remark the change, but the old memoirist declares that they have not changed—they have always been just the men they are.

The translator's preface suggests that the tale is a subtle allegory of the Brazilian national character, and possibly of the human spirit generally. Of course, if pressed too far, either claim must damage the other. What seems certain is that this episodic, psychologically acute, and gracefully cranky treatment of the theme of the warring brothers has literary connections that go beyond native Brazilian influences. The debt to Sterne, especially apparent in *Epitaph of a Small Winner,* is also traceable in the unbuttoned manner and freely indulged whimsicality of *Esau and Jacob,* where quite serious incidents and reflections are habitually presented in a tone of Shandean banter. Then, Machado may very well have been familiar with Maupassant's *Pierre et Jean,* and been tempted by the project of translating that positivist account of brotherly enmity into romantic Brazilian terms. Finally, there are nostalgic vapors, velleities of atmosphere and accent, that are reminiscent of the *fin de siècle* manner of the early novels of Barrès. And I imagine that French influence in general is scarcely to be discounted in considering a Brazilian novelist of the period.

All of which suggests—quite without reference to the Biblical allusion in the title and to the many classical tags and citations in the old diplomat's memoir—that the novel is scarcely parochial in the sense of being limited to a narrow cultural frame. Indeed, Machado's audience was cultivated and polyglot, and, as Brazilian historians are always pointing out, more interested in the tastes and standards of Lisbon and Paris than in the flavor of indigenous culture. But it seems to me that *Esau and Jacob,* with its hints and reticences, its paradoxes and mock-sentimental flashes, if not parochial is at least provincial, undermined by the author's uneasy sense that the great drama of the era is playing on another stage. That impression may be mere cultural chauvinism on my part, but since Brazilians themselves have so often bewailed their lack of cultural self-confidence, my suggestion may be true as well as ungracious.

In any case, I should be inclined to make a lesser estimate than Miss Caldwell of the stature of *Esau and Jacob.* She remarks that Machado was at the height of his powers when he composed it, but on the evidence of her own version of *Dom Casmurro* I would suppose him to have been at the height of his powers when he wrote *that* book. *Dom Casmurro,* too, appears to me to be provincial in the paradoxical sense that it is less Brazilian than European—the Zhdanovs of the world have something on their side, worse luck, when they denounce rootless cosmopolitanism: Consider the new Italian and French novels that are multilingual, multisexual, and addressed to the international butter-and-egg-men who have the cash and inclination to develop a connoisseurship of ingenious trivia.

But let me restore some proportion. Taking my strictures at their full value, even, *Dom Casmurro* is a remarkable novel, one that we would not sacrifice. *Esau and Jacob* is a lesser work of the same master. The novel conveys a sense of mastery from its opening words. At first it reminds us of those persons who are said to have a whim of iron. Eventually it persuades that powerful irony can clothe itself in flourishes. And for all its cosmopolitan inspiration, *Esau and Jacob* is identifiably a part of the Portuguese literary tradition that is elder brother to the great Spanish one, and that produced the only epic poet of modern Western Europe besides John Milton.



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# The Poor and the Powerful

***The Hour of Giving,*** *by Luis Zalamea (Houghton Mifflin. 293 pp. $4.95), suggests, through the fictional story of a young liberal member of the Colombian upper class, how violent revolution may yet be averted in the uneasy countries of Latin America. Robert G. Mead, Jr., is professor of Latin American literature at the University of Connecticut.*

By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

THIS is not an exceptional novel, but it is an interesting and timely one, particularly for American readers who want to understand more about the roots of the current ferment in so much of Latin America. In less than 300 pages the author, a traveled, sophisticated Colombian, has given us a slice of life in his native land as revealed through the minds and memories of three main characters and a number of minor ones.

The author is faced with a long-standing dilemma common to many Latin American writers of fiction: how to create credible characters inhabiting an authentic social milieu without allowing the latter to dominate and perhaps dehumanize the book by converting it into a sociological treatise. Luis Zalamea succeeds reasonably well in solving the problem.

Zalamea grew up as a member of the conservative Colombian upper class; but he has a deep understanding of the perils facing both that oligarchy and the masses it exploits, and he feels compassion for both. His book is an effort to suggest one way by which Colombians in power may be able to avert the violence and chaos of revolution. Simply put, Señor Zalamea implies, as the title hints, that if enough members of the ruling class are moved spontaneously to give back more than they take from the masses, then the hour may not be too late for an evolutionary reshaping of society.

The three main threads of the novel, told in both the present tense and flashback, stem from the lives of the upper-class Hernán Zaldívar, Myriam, his wife, and Clota, a mulatto girl. The final section, "The Long Day," recounts the soul-searching in which Hernán realizes that his past life has been that of a man-rabbit dominated first by his father and then by his wife. Finding the courage to leave her, he converts his fortune to the benefit of the workers, and seeks out Clota.

—*Werner J. Kuhn.*

**Luis Zalamea—"imminence of danger."**

These three characters, along with several lesser ones, are all thoroughly credible but nonetheless archetypal. Hernán represents the liberals and progressives among the younger generation of the oligarchy; his father, the unfeeling and unyielding older generation. Myriam symbolizes the spoiled, frustrated, and basically disoriented woman of the upper class; Clota, the natural, unsophisticated, earthy woman of the people, still capable of unselfish love. There are also a martyred Negro labor leader (somewhat idealized) and a Catholic priest who has plans for welfare work in the slums.

These are the principal inhabitants of Luis Zalamea's microcosm, a world that is universal in many of its aspects but, at the same time, filled with Colombian sights, sounds, and smells, and with a sense of foreboding. Yet for the "new" Hernán Zaldívar, as the novel closes, this "deathly smell" is "soon dissolved by fresh fluvial breezes blowing up from the Magdalena [river] which this morning bore a faint breath of hope."

Even the most optimistic of Zalamea's readers may be inclined to consider that the "breath of hope" is faint indeed, and that the "hour of giving" may come too late. But the author stands alongside such dynamic writers as the Mexican Carlos Fuentes and our own Oscar Lewis in the effort to communicate through both fact and fiction the gravity and the imminence of the danger. Its deeper causes will be much better explained by such men as these than by official communiqués, policy statements, and most news media.

**Through Wildest Cleveland:** Fired by his schoolteacher's talk on self-respect, Morris Bird III, aged nine, sets himself the task of walking across a large part of Cleveland to visit a friend who has moved out of the neighborhood. Morris's equipment for his great hike includes a bankroll of $1.07 and such carefully selected necessities as an alarm clock, a picture of Veronica Lake, and a jar of Peter Pan peanut butter. Excess baggage is "rotten little Sandra," his six-year-old sister, who insists on coming along and has to be pulled most of the way in NOSMIRC KAERTS ("Crimson Streak" spelled backwards), a borrowed red wagon. Fictitious Morris and Sandra walk straight into the nonfictitious Cleveland gas tank explosion of October 20, 1944, where Morris earns the accolade of *The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread,* which also happens to be the title of Don Robertson's novel (Putnam, $4.50).

If this skimpy plot description suggests a boy a bit too cute, or a plot too thin, or anything else less than a sheer joy to read, it does Mr. Robertson a great disservice. Morris Bird III and every step he takes are completely, wonderfully alive. Mr. Robertson remembers and vividly recalls everything that makes boyhood heaven and hell in one package. You'll find yourself chuckling and choking up on page after page.

As surely as he will take you back to way-back-when you were nine, he will also remind you of a raft of things you've forgotten about 1944. Remember A, B, and C gas-ration stickers? Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War? Mortimer Snerd? Big Little Books? Pebeco toothpaste? U.S. War Stamps?

You owe it to your childhood, to wherever you were in the 1940s, or just to yourself to read *The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread.* It is not a novel that will shatter you to the core, but it should warm you to the heart and that's just as good. Maybe better.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

***Coming August 28***

**"The Questing Camera"**

**By Margaret R. Weiss**



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# The Poet's Voice in the Crowd

***About the House,*** *by W. H. Auden (Random House. 84 pp. $3), and* ***Harlem Gallery: Book I, The Curator,*** *by M. B. Tolson (Twayne. 173 pp. $4), represent the latest work of two socially conscious poets, one of whom has sometimes been treated unjustly and the other virtually ignored. Robert Donald Spector is author of many articles on British and American poetry.*

By ROBERT DONALD SPECTOR

CONSTANTLY at the mercy of an unpredictable and capricious critical climate, the reputations of poets grow in curious ways. Some flourish momentarily and die; others take shapes bearing slight resemblance to the truths they purportedly represent; and there are those that, for no proper reason, altogether fail to develop.

In the thirty-seven years since the publication of his first volume of poetry, Auden has experienced all the vagaries of critical opinion. He achieved almost immediate fame for the wrong reasons. Regarded as a left-wing political poet, he was excessively praised by social-conscious critics of the Thirties, a support he lost when his religious sympathies became more apparent in his verse. At the same time, academic critics, confronted by his popular appeal, refused to regard him seriously; as Monroe K. Spears has recently argued, Auden's work has had to be rescued from charges of "immaturity, frivolity, [and] irresponsibility . . ."

Reading *About the House,* Auden's latest volume, it is easy to sympathize with Spears, natural to desire to redress some of the grievances, and yet possible to understand why the poet has been abused. Of Auden's seriousness there really should be no doubt. He has always responded to the challenges of his time. In the Thirties he did not shrink from confronting "Imperialism's face/And the international wrong." What he attempted to do then, as Stephen Spender has explained, was to show "that the public wrong can only be atoned and cured within the personal lives of individuals."

His message has not changed, and his earnestness characterizes his new poems —from the dedication that recognizes the possibilities of "death by/Fervent implosion" and yet insists on "Our oath to the living word," to his later reminder that "More than ever/life-out-there is goodly, miraculous, lovable,/but we shan't, not since Stalin and Hitler,/trust ourselves ever again: we know that, subjectively,/all is possible."

In reality, Auden's argument has been constant: he has sought the conditions under which the good life is possible for the individual. As he expresses it in the first section of this book, Auden's Viennese house becomes a metaphor for that security he seeks in a world that threatens the annihilation of the individual. It is "a house backed by orderly woods"; its table offers "what Nature's bounty and grace of Spirit can create"; its warmth comes not from wealth, but from "a feeling/of bills being promptly settled/with checks that don't bounce."

Why, then, the charge of frivolity, of irresponsibility? Partly it issues from the belief that Auden lacks ideological loyalty, and that, like the character in one of his earlier poems, "he held the proper opinions for the time of year." Considered in its entirety, however, Auden's work presents a consistent pragmatism. To be sure, it discloses no ideological commitment, but rather a persistent effort to make the best of this seemingly impossible world. And yet there *is* a certain frivolity in Auden's poetry.

AUDEN delights in scatological detail that defiles whole poems or mars the tone of others. His need to present the commonplace values of food, sleep, friendship, and talk also gives an air of insignificance to his subject matter. In a sense, however, it is grossly unfair to regard his chatter about "Corns, heartburn, sinus headaches" and the like as signs of his frivolity, for they are intended to remind man of what he is, to put him in his place, to warn him "Against the flashy errands of [his] dreams," and to provide him with the common sense necessary for survival. In the same way, Auden's simple diction and easy style, achieved only through the power of his artistry, allow him to capture conversational rhythms that mark the very best of his satire.

While Auden has been treated somewhat unjustly, Tolson has been almost entirely ignored. At sixty-five he has won few honors, received attention from only a handful of critics and poets; and yet *Harlem Gallery,* like his earlier *Libretto for the Republic of Liberia,* marks him as one of America's great poets. Reading this first part of a work that promises to create a panoramic vision of Harlem—with all its diversity, potentialities, and tragicomedies—it is impossible to disagree with Karl Shapiro, who charges that only the poetic establishment's bias against the Negro can account for Tolson's neglect. But, as Shapiro himself recognizes, with Tolson the problem proves more complex, for here is a poet whose language, comprehensiveness, and values demand a critical sensitivity rarely found in any establishment.

Tolson stands apart from and above contemporary poetic accomplishment. For comparison with what he has done, it is necessary to turn to the novel, to that wildly imaginative world, with its language both earthy and symbolic, in Paul Goodman's *The Empire City.* Yet Tolson's poetry, unlike Goodman's prose, creates its bizarre atmosphere in a disciplined esthetic form. Out of the terse structure of the ode, Tolson manages a narrative that puts in motion and sets at odds his *dramatis personae*—extending from the curator of the Harlem Gallery down to the policy racketeer, and including every recognizable type.

What Tolson does in this volume is to respond to Gertrude Stein's charge that the Negro "suffers from Nothingness." Here, in the richness and variety of his characters, with an allusiveness that absorbs classical, Biblical, oriental, and African references, he has demonstrated the ludicrousness of her fatuous remark. There is a "somethingness" that stirs in all his characters: desires, ambitions, frustrations, and failures. What they share is a knowledge that in America "a white skin was the open/sesame to SUCCESS"; a contempt for the "Bible Belt of the pale phallus and the chalk clitoris"; a scorn for racialism that perceives African blood as so potent "that, in the zero of a second, it/can turn the whitest Nordic into a Negro."

Tolson's achievement defies easy illustration. There is his ability to pinpoint character in a single phrase: the black bourgeois Mr. and Mrs. Guy Delaporte III, who "oh and yawn and ah their way"; to evoke a sense of place: "In Aunt Grindle's/Elite Chitterling Shop/ the variegated dinoceras of a juke box/ railed and wailed/from everlasting to everlasting"; to capture truth: "Metaphors and symbols in Spirituals and Blues/have been the Negro's manna in the Great White World."

But what of the fantastic way in which discussions of esthetics are turned into social comment? What of the incredible manner in which Tolson ranges over every field of art, plays adroitly with language? These require pages of demonstration. Sufficient to say that whatever his reputation in the present critical climate, Tolson stands firmly as a great American poet.



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# SR Recommends

## BOOKS

### Nonfiction

**PROCESSION,** John Gunther. Harper & Row, $6.95 (*SR,* July 10)—Taken from the "Inside" books and brought up to date, these accounts of people and events of the past thirty years are the essence of an age of movers and shakers.

**UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: AMERICA AND THE THIRD WORLD,** C. L. Sulzberger. Atheneum, $5.95 (*SR,* July 24)—A fascinating work that seeks to launch untried solutions for the problems of the vast areas of the world whose only common bond is poverty, an inferiority complex, and frustrated nationalism.

**THE TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP: A REAPPRAISAL OF THE WESTERN ALLIANCE,** Henry A. Kissinger. McGraw-Hill-Council on Foreign Relations, $5.95 (*SR,* July 24)—Presenting the French position as fairly as that of the American and British, Mr. Kissinger discusses the fundamental differences of opinion that have developed concerning the future of NATO.

**PART OF THE TRUTH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,** Granville Hicks. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95 (*SR,* July 31)—Highlights in the eventful life of the writer and critic who during the Thirties was "the American Man of Letters in the Popular Front."

**FAIR FIGHTS AND FOUL: A DISSENTING LAWYER'S LIFE,** Thurman Arnold. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95 (*SR,* July 31)—Recalls the skirmishes, in and out of courtrooms, that have absorbed a brilliant and irreverent attorney.

**HOW THEY BECAME PRESIDENT: THIRTY-FIVE WAYS TO THE WHITE HOUSE,** Rexford G. Tugwell. Simon & Schuster, $8.95 (*SR,* July 10)—The author's rich historical learning, gift for the telling detail, and personal experience (with Franklin Roosevelt's Brain Trust) make this the definitive treatment of the subject.

**MY APPOINTED ROUND: 929 DAYS AS POSTMASTER GENERAL,** J. Edward Day. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95 (*SR,* July 10)—This lively account of the troubles that beset the man who runs the daffiest of all rat races and the steady stream of abuse he gets from all directions should be read by every American who ever licked a stamp.

**THE KING OF THE CATS,** F. W. Dupee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* July 10)—A collection of magazine articles devoted to personalities ranging from Kafka to Chaplin, and literary criticism that is informative, sympathetic but judicious, and urbane in tone.

**WHERE SCIENCE AND POLITICS MEET,** Jerome B. Wiesner. McGraw-Hill, $6.95 (*SR,* July 17)—By President Kennedy's special assistant for science and technology, this is the definitive statement of $E = MC^2$.

**THE NEW PRIESTHOOD,** Ralph E. Lapp. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* July 17)—Seeks a formula for bringing scientist and statesman together to solve the problems raised by modern technology.

**EDITH WHARTON AND HENRY JAMES: THE STORY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP,** Millicent Bell. Braziller, $6.50 (*SR,* July 10) Contains new and intimate details of Mrs. Wharton's turgid life along with the serene advice tendered her by Henry James.

**MAMMON AND THE BLACK GODDESS,** Robert Graves. Doubleday, $3.95. (*SR,* July 17)—The poet characterizes in detail the woman who may be the Muse made flesh—or "real woman."

### Fiction

**WOMEN AND THE SUN,** Pierre Gascar. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95 (*SR,* July 10)—A volume of haunting stories told in sentences that are terse but pregnant with emotion, by an author not fashionable as yet in this country.

**THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT,** Abram Tertz; tr. from the Russian by Manya Harari. Pantheon, $3.95 (*SR,* July 24)—Tells how a messiah-dictator-clown establishes, by means of psychological and literal sorcery, an eerie, independent town, a microcosm inside the Soviet macrocosm. The best late flowering of early German romanticism, garlanded with the best Russian and Jewish cultural influences.

**THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS,** Giorgio Bassani; tr. from the Italian by Isabel Quigly. Atheneum, $4.95 (*SR,* July 24)—Tells with probing tenderness and honesty of a quasi-love affair between two adolescents in an Italian Jewish community just before World War II.

**THE RABBI,** Noah Gordon. McGraw-Hill, $5.95 (*SR,* July 31)—A first novel examines the contemporary values and compromises of the "people of the Covenant." Few writers since Sinclair Lewis have sprawled with such magnificent ease over so large a scene.

**THE ICE AGE,** Tamas Aczel. Simon & Schuster, $5.95 (*SR,* July 31)—Traces the "labyrinth of hopelessness" that entraps a number of innocent people when a high Party official dies in Hungary just before the 1956 uprising.

*"Reba, your intuition is infallible."*

## MOVIES

**THE IPCRESS FILE** (*SR,* Aug. 7)—The very model of suspense entertainment, stylishly directed, wittily written, and played with immaculate timing by a cast of British actors.

**THE KNACK,** (*SR,* July 17)—Director Richard Lester lives up to the reputation he earned in *A Hard Day's Night*—this time with Rita Tushingham instead of the Beatles. Since the Broadway play of the same name is used only as a springboard no one should miss this version just because he has seen it.

**THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES** (*SR,* June 26)—Faithful copies of twenty-five vintage 1910 planes from the U.S., Britain, France, and Italy, and an equally international cast and crew, create an affectionate bit of nostalgia. Costume designs by Osbert Lancaster and animated titles by Ronald Searle add style and humor.

**CAT BALLOU** (*SR,* May 15)—An often hilarious satire on Westerns and folk ballads that's at its best when Lee Marvin comes on in the role of a whisky-soaked old professional gunfighter.

**THE PAWNBROKER** (*SR,* Apr. 3)—Distinguished by a remarkable performance by Rod Steiger as a former concentration camp inmate who recovers, among the prostitutes and drug addicts of Harlem, the capacity for feeling.

## ART

### Exhibitions

**DRAWINGS,** Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts. The first of four exhibitions of drawings from the collection of the late Robert Sterling Clark shows fifty-seven important works by such noted nineteenth-century French artists as Degas, Cheret, Toulouse-Lautrec, Manet, and Rodin. Closes August 28.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Exhibitions

**GLAMOUR PORTRAITS,** Museum of Modern Art, New York. Prints by a dozen photographers are Q.E.D. that beauty lies in the camera-eye of the beholder.

**THREE EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHERS,** Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum. Bill Brandt, Lucien Clergue, and Paolo Monti communicate a diversity of national vistas and viewpoints through the "basic English" of the lens.

## THEATER

**HALF A SIXPENCE** (*SR,* May 15)—A sunny and carefree musical comedy built around the versatile Tommy Steele.

**THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, REVISITED** (*SR,* Apr. 17)—Taking the thirty-five Cole Porter songs least likely to be heard on Musak, Ben Bagley and five musical comedy stars have fashioned a contagiously joyous evening of camp. Also...

**THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, GOLDEN BOY,** and, if you can get tickets, **THE ODD COUPLE, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF,** and **LUV.**



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## No Exit

LIFE with the mass media in the privacy of home, where you can make choices, is difficult enough: the true test of character comes when one is confronted by the media in public. I flunked the test in recent weeks, in a plane over the Pacific, a restaurant in Philadelphia, a home in Boston, a taxi in New York, and a motel near the Canadian border. The last stop taught me a lesson and I pass it on to all fellow-sufferers in this sermon for a hot summer afternoon. Flying to Honolulu, there was a mix-up in my ticketing and I couldn't get dinner aboard the plane. I offered to pay the stewardess, but she said she couldn't sell me dinner, and I ruefully watched her throw the food away—but I got a free movie in color. I didn't want the movie: I wanted to do some work; but the lady in back of me cheerfully inquired if I would lower the back of my chair so she could see Frank Sinatra. The sound track was blissfully secreted in the plug-in earphones; but there loomed Sinatra on the rectangular screen ahead; and fuming, I finally quit and suffered the mob their taste. Back on the mainland a few weeks later, I dined at a small, pleasant restaurant in Philadelphia, enveloped by the *high-volume* signal of a local radio station. I knew it would be fruitless (and bad form) to ask the manager to switch off; but I couldn't resist asking him why he kept the station on.

The other diners would immediately complain, he said, if he tuned out. "People need it," he shrugged. "They really don't listen, but it makes a noise in the background and it permits them to talk. If there was silence, there wouldn't be any conversation. It would be dead in here."

The Boston experience came shortly after. I visited a home in the suburbs, where a woman was alone. She sat in a large room: the TV was on (it was early afternoon); but she was intent on a cross-word puzzle. Two rooms away, the radio was turned on, playing to nobody. In New York, another day, I got into a taxi at Penn Station. It was the evening rush hour; the hot city's garment center was clashing and raucous with west-side traffic: the cabbie had his dashboard radio belting above the din. I moaned inwardly but hid my frustration with another taxicab survey. "Do you have that radio on all the time?" I asked in a friendly fashion. "All the time. Never without it a minute," the driver answered.

"What do you usually listen to?" "Nothing," said the driver. "I don't hear a thing. No program. No commercial. I just have it on." "But why?" He turned the knob and shut off the radio. "See for yourself," he said. "I'd miss it. It's monotonous without it, driving all day." He turned the radio on again. "People get in the cab and start telling me their troubles. Like the guy who said he loved his wife but was going out with another dame. What should he do? he asks me. What do I care what he does? But I can't tell him that, so I turn up the radio real loud . . . like this . . . and they keep on jabbering away . . . and once in a while I throw them a yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . but I don't hear a thing . . . not them . . . not the radio . . . nothing."

A few weeks after that, I was in Potsdam, New York, on a lecture engagement. I had breakfast at a motel's restaurant. The cheery waitress had her transistor radio atop the refrigerator the other side of the counter—and with my orange juice I had some bright and early upbeat country music. The local newspaper couldn't assuage my resentment. "Is there no surcease anywhere from this ubiquitous, tribal, electronic collectivism?" I grumbled to my All-Bran.

Suddenly I stopped in the middle of a grumble. The announcer had spoken a familiar name—mine. Along with other items of local news, he was mentioning the talk I was scheduled to give at a nearby college that morning. The music came on again; I went back to the newspaper; but I had been hit—dead on target. All that horrible noise which other people listened to—had instantaneously been transformed into something clear and significant when the right index clue had come up—my own specific involvement. I recalled the taxi-driver who had said: "The only time I listen is when they come on with traffic-bulletins. Then I tune in—with my mind." At all other times the medium of radio was without message: its sound, to him, was shelter from the job's monotony, escape from the unwanted signals of his passengers. To the lady in the Boston home, the unattended TV and radio sets were barriers against loneliness: to the diners in the Philadelphia restaurant the radio's chatter and music were curtains for privacy. The transistor atop the refrigerator in the Potsdam motel met some felt need of the waitress, probably without verbal content. The excommunication of boredom—or fear: this was the meaning of the color movie aboard the plane bound for Hawaii. There is no escape: the public media have interlocked us all. The only response is to learn tolerance—each to his own involvement. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

*"Go to work, boy. There's your desk and that's your muse."*



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## Greece as the Greeks Know It

NEARLY THREE YEARS had drifted away—don't bother asking me where—since I was last in Greece, a period during which Greece became the chic*est* thing east of Eugenia Sheppard. Considering all the swells who have been whistling over to Hydra in the hydrofoil and then fluttering up to Corfu to gamble in Baron Richtofen's castle, I had rather fancied that Athens, like most of the cities of the world, had treated itself to a new airport. I confess I was somewhat disappointed, when Alitalia floated me to earth there recently, an elegant and effortless luncheon cruise from London, to find myself in that same seedy terminal that looked rundown when I first landed there ten years ago. The same crowded halls, the same jammed customs counters, and for that matter, the same rickety taxis to take you into town.

It may well be that Greece is trying to condition its arriving visitors from the outset with a taste of the antiquities that wait. Certainly one can only wonder where all the monies go that accumulate from the tiresome tithes levied on departing travelers.

Despite the rather shabby welcome, visitors continue to flock to Greece (or at least they did when I was there before the political troubles). The first five months of 1965 put the number up 15 per cent over last year for a total of 160,000, but the season had scarcely begun. Indeed so many tourists have been coming to Greece that Athenians had begun to develop a separate *modus vivendi*. If the tourists were going to capture Constitution Square, and their positions there seem secure, the Greeks would retire to Kolonaki Square. "Meet me at the bidet," they say to one another, indicating an island in the street that somehow looks like a bidet, at least to a Greek. Unlike the tourists who sit in the sun, face upturned, they sit in the shade. They clap their hands for service, order a Turkish coffee when tired, bored, or thirsty. Coca-Cola is not dispensed in Greece, but the Turkish coffee comes at least five different ways: black with no sugar, black with some sugar, black with a medium amount of sugar, black with extra sugar, and sugar with some coffee. In Kolonaki Square the Greeks patronize Bokolas, which is new. Nobody is selling sponges or copies of the *Rome American* mainly because the customers are plainly Greeks who are intently talking or listening. One has to do both intently if one is to be a Greek. Should the listener fail to keep his eyes on the speaker he is liable to miss half the sign language, which often serves for punctuation and inflection. If a Greek wants to say "no" he may shoot his eyebrows up, shoot his head up, shoot his eyebrows and his head at the same time, lisp a *tsk*! *tsk*! by sliding tongue along palate at the edge of the teeth. An outright *no* might be signified by lifting both hands, palms facing the listener, but that is a rare form since the same sign could also signify directing an evil eye on the other party. And that's serious. The Greek Church maintains active prayers designed to counteract the influences of the evil eye. Wagging the head from side to side, does not, as in most cultures, indicate "no," but rather an encouragement to tell more. "Yes" can be indicated by any downward move of the head. Some observers say that sophisticated Greeks employ a slight tilt to the head when rocking it to signify "yes."

Cosmopolitan Greeks may usually be found at Zonars, Floca, or Orfanidis, which are near the Grande Bretagne and therefore are ordinarily busy with tourist trade. A favorite pastime is sitting at the outdoor tables watching the flow of traffic moving against the traffic lights. Athens is probably the only place in the world that has named the tiny figures that appear with the red and green stop-and-go signs. The figure of the man that appears with the red signal is Stamatis, and the small walking figure that appears with the green light is called Gregoris. On name days, frequenters of the district might hang little gifts for Stamatis or Gregoris on the light stanchions. Stamatis is usually kept on view too

*"Do you want to hear the whole thing or just the part where he disinherits you?"*

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short a time, Greek drivers being an impatient lot, and there is hardly time to get across a boulevard before Gregoris comes into view. The arrangement is well known to the Athenians who normally scurry across the streets, but tourists are forever getting trapped in midcrossing much to the amusement of the spectators at the ringside café seats.

A hungry Greek is liable to show up at Klathmonos Square where there are three restaurants, all of them, in good season, with tables under canvas at the edge of the trees. There 'neath the pines and palms that fill the center of the square, hard by the flower stalls bright with blossoms, any diner who can read the Greek menu can order fish soup for 10 cents, *spanakopeta*—Greek spinach pie—for 13 cents, a snip of *doner kebab*, which revolves like a giant hamburger in front of a brazier (30 cents), and a carafe of *retsina* for 15 cents. Syngros, one of the best of the al fresco restaurants in Klathmonos Square, charges a penny and a half as cover charge. Some places impose a charge of 9 cents if you use the ketchup, and many places that proffer the salt and toothpicks, will serve pepper only on request. The Greeks ascribe all sorts of effects to pepper, and anyone who uses it liberally is generally accepted to be en route to a romantic encounter.

MIDDLE-CLASS Greeks congregate in Omonia Square, although I hardly know why. It is a honky-tonk plaza full of lottery sellers and junk jewelry stands. The new Omonia Hotel is rakish and modern, very cheap and far off the tourist belt. The streets leading off the square are crowded with little tavernas that serve *doner kebab* and *souvlakia*, a Greek tortilla filled with onions, tomato, chopped beef and sprinklings of orégano, red pepper, and salt. Greeks, except those who have been de-Balkanized, drink ouzo, a licorice-flavored version of firewater which, like Arab *raki* and French *pastis*, turns milky when you add water. And you had better add water. They rarely drink more than one at a time and never without food. Appetizers called *mezedakia* are served automatically and may include an olive, a snip or two of octopus, a slice of tomato, and perhaps one shrimp. A departure from tradition is an establishment called Bob and Bill's just off Omonia Square, which features barbecued chicken, and is very popular with Greeks. Greeks who speak English and are reasonably well endowed, join the American and British colony in a dank cellar on Voukourestiou Street which flourishes under the name of Club 17. It has American and English magazines (neither of which can be read by the available light), and pursues a quaint custom of pinning rainchecks

(*Continued on page 47*)

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### *Manon* on a Mountaintop

CENTRAL CITY, COLO.

A SERMON on a mountaintop is rarely concerned with such a profane subject as opera, but those who make the effort can find a revealing one at this summer's renewal of the Central City Festival. It is concerned with Jules Massenet's *Manon*, which is rarely to be seen in a theater so suitable to its intimate nature as the Central City Opera House, which has been restored from its nineteenth-century glory to seat approximately 800 in twentieth-century comfort.

Indeed, for one who has grown accustomed to Manon's face across a distance of twenty rows in the Metropolitan Opera, it was somewhat disconcerting to see Elaine Malbin's virtually at point-blank when she entered the tight little area of the local theater. However that sensation didn't last long, and one was soon immersed in a new, pleasurable relation to Massenet's masterpiece. The English text by George and Phyllis Mead almost seemed to belong to the music—because the space made it readily intelligible—and the spoken lines had a relationship to the song that is unknown in the great international theaters where *Manon* is customarily performed.

Of course there was more to the quality of the result than the friendly walls and the assured performance of Miss Malbin (her alternate in this revolving repertory is Mary Jennings). There was, in the first place, the purposeful direction of so knowing an operatic mentality as John Brownlee, who is fulfilling his first season as stage director in Central City and doing it with distinction. Then there were the tasteful and well-conceived scenic arrangements, which sent one looking at the program to discover their source. The credit was assigned to Jean-Claude Rinfret, a new name to me in this or any other context. But the further information that he is associated with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, for whom he has designed "hundreds of sets for opera and drama on television" made sense. A man who is accustomed to the problem of making a nineteen-inch screen convey a credible likeness to the pyramids, say, would find the area of the Central City Opera stage, limited as it is, virtually the equivalent of Radio City Music Hall. In any event, how he provided for the movement needed in Act One, and the angled room he arranged for Act Two, as well as the St. Sulpice scene, were much more in the mood of the music than the elaborate eyesore the Metropolitan tendered its last *Manon*.

As for Brownlee's work, it was of the unobtrusive sort that ranks highest on the scale of honors in this field. In other words, there was no attempt to make the characters puppets of the director in such a way that his identity was more conspicuous than theirs. The one point at which Brownlee himself came into the action was late in Act Two, when Manon's cousin, Lescaut, comes to advise her not to put too much faith in Des Grieux's promise of marriage. As impersonated by that reliance of the Metropolitan, Clifford Harvuot, Lescaut was suddenly an evocation of Brownlee himself as he performed the part in New York. Whether this was a result of Brownlee's coaching or a carry-over from the performances Harvuot has seen him do at the Metropolitan is unknown to me. But it added an interesting and authentic touch to the whole—as did the well-bred de Bretigny of Dominic Cossa, a Central City newcomer, who sounded fine in these surroundings. Norman Johnson was in charge, this day, of the performance musically prepared by Emerson Buckley.

WHAT was left for rumination on the homeward drive to Denver through the torrential rain that has been a daily part of life here lately was the inequity practiced upon the operatic art as well as the artists who serve it through the disproportionately large theaters that have become the norm in America. Gene Bullard's light-voiced Des Grieux fitted these surroundings admirably, but he doubtless would have felt impelled to push his sound far from its best quality were he singing to thousands rather than hundreds. As for Miss Malbin's Manon, it had charm, freshness, and vocal finesse to a degree that made one regret her infrequent attention to opera the year around. Perhaps it could best be described as a cameo rather than a jewel, but that, too, was in keeping with other values. This season's revolving repertory at Central City includes the *Barber of Seville*, which would seem as well suited to it as *Manon;* and *Lakmé*, which would not. However, having seen what Brownlee and Rinfret have accomplished with *Manon*, speculations about their success with anything else, suitable or otherwise, would have to be suspended. What one carried away, certainly, from this demonstration of ingenuity was that money cannot buy taste, and imagination counts for more than complications.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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## Guthrie's Getaway Season

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL.

IN ITS third season of operation at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, the Minnesota Theatre Company is offering four new productions: *Richard III*, *The Way of the World*, *The Cherry Orchard*, and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, plus a revival of its first season hit, *The Miser*. Of the first three to be launched, the most interesting is the Chekhov, here newly translated by Sir Tyrone Guthrie and Leonid Kipnis.

In the hands of director Guthrie, the production boldly extroverts the play's conflicts, without losing Chekhov's deep sense of truth. Furthermore it successfully implements Guthrie's conviction that the play is not gloomy, but rather one in which the characters' sadness is always humorous. It is adherence to this point of view which gives the actors a sure and strong framework within which to perform and create characters who are syntheses of the Russian originals and their American equivalents.

Thus Jessica Tandy's Ranevskaya is a superbly wrought combination of the over-refined gentleness that marked Russia's fading aristocracy in 1900, and a more modern revelation of a woman's neurotic inability to deal maturely with the realities of her situation. Nancy Wickwire's deliberately plain Varya, Lee Richardson's exasperated Lopahin, and Robert Pastene's snobbish Gaev lead the parade on this estate of fools.

And the younger generation as represented by Ken Ruta's impractically idealistic student and Kristina Callahan's too protectedly naïve Anya seems just as foolish in its way. Because a repertory company can afford to use their best players in minor roles, the production also benefits from Hume Cronyn's very funny awkward servant and Ruth Nelson's ridiculously stern governess.

Tanya Moiseiwitsch's costumes all help define their wearers, and the verbal rhythm of the play is maintained despite this translation's occasional slip into an apparently out-of-period phrase. The staging also circumvents to some degree the difficulties the open stage presents for this sort of play. It is a memorable feat for Sir Tyrone's last creation as the Artistic Director of the theater so deservedly named after him.

Also well done is his staging of *Richard III*. In the latter, Hume Cronyn commences by portraying Richard as a man to whom gaining the crown is a game, in which he enjoys the exercise of unctuous hypocrisy. Indeed he seems less sinister than does Robert Pastene's crafty Buckingham, and less lascivious than Ellen Geer's Lady Anne. Only after he has achieved the crown does Mr. Cronyn turn dark. For now the hat is on the other head. His anxieties push him from shrewd gamesmanship to a more pathological state, as nicely demonstrated when he breaks into a Hitler-like jig at the good news of Buckingham's capture. And, just as with Hitler, his death is unheroic. Richmond simply slits his throat as if he were carrying out the unpleasant but necessary slaughter of an animal.

To no one's surprise, Congreve's *The Way of the World* is less effective than the other two. This sophisticated comedy has an intricate plot that leaves audiences feeling—as Congreve himself puts it—like a dog in a dancing school. Its humor often demands our close following of long prose speeches. And the style of comedy in 1700 is probably the most difficult in all of English theater for actors to capture.

Nevertheless, Douglas Campbell, who next season will assume the responsibility of directorship here, has sailed into this forbidding area with gusto and ingenuity. Recognizing the necessity for placing his people in a world where the decorums of trivial high society are infinitely more important than larger issues, Mr. Campbell and Miss Moiseiwitsch have allowed a parade of footmen and servants painstakingly to decorate the stage before our eyes with potted plants, chandeliers, and even with a fountain that actually bubbles water. The more difficult all this is, the more the audience is amused, and thus this pantomine becomes the most easily effective part of the proceedings. On the other hand, the director has happily resisted the temptation to get a similar sort of laughter from overdoing the usual handkerchief and snuffbox routines. Zoe Caldwell's languid Millamant is frequently fascinating. As Lady Wishfort, Jessica Tandy in curlers clowns coy seductiveness with a zaniness reminiscent of Beatrice Lillie; Ed Flanders's Petulant is a wryly absurd practitioner of raillery whose silliness is never silly to him. Robert Milli's Mirabell is masculine and direct, but there is insufficient focus on what should be the play's central character.

Whatever its shortcomings, it is still filled with good work, and brings as much distinction to the Minnesota Theatre Company as do those projects it has brought off more fully.

—HENRY HEWES.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### ANIMYTHS

Ancient mythology has many references to weird hybrid creatures, part one species and part another. James P. Killen of Chicago, Illinois, who has compiled a list of these mythical monsters, asks readers to match parts and wholes correctly. He relents on page 47.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. nixie | ( ) | half eagle, half lion |
| 2. faun | ( ) | part lion, part goat, part dragon |
| 3. basilisk | ( ) | half man, half goat |
| 4. chimaera | ( ) | part lion, part scorpion, part horned man |
| 5. griffin | ( ) | half fowl, half serpent |
| 6. hippocampus | ( ) | half woman, half lion |
| 7. manticore | ( ) | half horse, half fish |
| 8. Minotaur | ( ) | half woman, half bird |
| 9. sphinx | ( ) | half woman, half fish |
| 10. Harpy | ( ) | half man, half bull |



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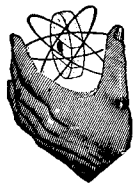

**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

**ARTICLE:** The Origin of Comets

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

# *MARINER IV's EXPENSE ACCOUNT*

THE exploration of planet Mars is going to be a lot more expensive than scientists have supposed.

That is the really important news radioed to earth by the robot named Mariner IV.

The jump in expense will be due to the extreme tenuity of the atmosphere of Mars.

It had been planned to drop robot observers onto the surface of solar planet No. 4 by parachute. But parachutes require a resistant medium on which to float. The atmosphere of Mars is so thin that parachutes would drop through it like rocks.

The surest alternative approach to landing on Mars is by retrograde rockets, which fire in reverse and act as a brake. No resistant medium is needed because rockets work according to Isaac Newton's third law of motion, which calls for an opposite and equal reaction to every action. The exhaust of the rocket, moving forward, exerts a backward thrust on the vehicle.

Retro-rockets and fuel for them will take up cargo space that otherwise could go to exploratory instruments. Hence repeated voyages must be made to accomplish multiple missions. Still more significantly, the retro-rockets will demand sophisticated guidance not essential to parachutes, which drift downward willy-nilly, their particular destinations having no crucial effect on the fundamental information obtained. The rockets must be told in detail how to land upright and how to regulate speed to avoid disastrous smashups. This involves knowing how far above the surface of Mars the robot voyager is from moment to moment, and how fast the voyager is traveling. When must the descent be slowed, and to what degree? Electronic gadgetry capable of making these decisions is theoretically no problem. Working models of the gadgets do not exist, however, and cannot be brought into existence without considerable investment of money and time.

That the atmosphere of Mars would be thin was known before Mariner IV took off on its 134,000,000-mile trip eight months ago. Since the planet is only half the size of earth, its gravitational pull would be able to hold proportionately less of an airy envelope in place. The surprise in Mariner IV's advice was the exaggerated degree of the proportion.

Scientifically the most exciting element in Mariner IV's homeward messages was news of the absence of a Martian equivalent to the Van Allen radiation belts.

If no radiation is trapped around the planet, it must be assumed that there is no trapping mechanism, for the "solar wind" engulfs Mars in radiation continuously. In other words, Mars possesses no magnetic field. And the absence of a magnetic field can be interpreted as meaning that the interior of Mars has no rotary components to generate a magneto effect. The magneto effect within earth is created by the molten core turning at a slower speed than earth's mantle and crust.

If Mars has no molten core, it is far less likely than earth to experience volcano eruptions, surface and subsurface quakings, or mountain building.

The Martian lack of a molten core probably also means that the planet has no internal temperature gradients to produce "out-gassing." As the word suggests, "out-gassing" is the forcing upward of gaseous elements from the planetary interior. On earth, "out-gassing" is believed responsible for the replenishing of the atmosphere, the filling of the ocean basins with water, and the introduction into the air of the water vapor that makes possible such complicated life forms as the human animal.

The thinness of the atmosphere of Mars, as reported by Mariner IV, has already been commented on. That some atmosphere exists is indicated by the presence of a Martian ionosphere, the spherical sheath of electricity that bounces radio signals. There could be no ionosphere without an atmosphere containing carbon dioxide. Earth's ionosphere is formed by the ultraviolet light of the sun hitting carbon dioxide molecules in the air and breaking them into carbon monoxide, ionized oxygen, and electrons.

Are there any people on Mars with radios to bounce signals off the Martian ionosphere?

This seems doubtful, from the news Mariner IV has transmitted. Water is essential to human life, and Mars has little if any sign of water. Man also depends on a reasonable range of temperature, and nighttime temperatures at the surface of Mars fall at least to 150 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Solar radiation is fatal to man, and, as was noted earlier here, Mars has no magnetosphere to turn back radiation.

However—

Dr. Frank Drake, Cornell University astronomer, initiator of the famous Project Ozma search for intelligent life on the planets of other stars, points out that genetic mutations brought about by radiation would be beneficial in speeding up the development of primitive forms of life.

Therefore, all the listed hazards to human life on Mars do not necessarily preclude the existence of simpler forms of Martian life.

Furthermore, Dr. Drake observes, evolution is a powerful force, capable of wondrous events on earth. There is always the possibility that on Mars evolution found ways to adapt the living process to radiation and thus to enable survival of creatures well beyond the most primitive known on earth.

Although the photographs that Mariner IV returned to Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, cannot by their nature be very instructive (for reasons, see *SR/*RESEARCH for Jan. 2, 1965), they will be scrutinized with special care because of the negative trend of Mariner IV's other observations. Since the interior of Mars apparently differs from earth's interior to such a marked degree, surface geography on Mars will be harder to interpret. Having a resolution of approximately two miles, the photos will show Martian land formations comparable to those seen on the eastern seaboard of the United States by the Nimbus weather satellite. Mountains may be picked out. Large rivers, too. But there is in the Nimbus images of earth no recognizable evidence of the presence of the great cities: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington.



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If it is assumed that Mars has no water and no mountain-building process, then every photographic feature presents a mystery.

•

"WHAT mattered most about the fall of Rome . . . was not the empire's military defeat and breakup. Those events might even have been of benefit to mankind. What concerns us . . . is the decay of Rome, the decline of every aspect of her civilization, except technology; the debasement of her arts; the cessation of novelty and progress; the complete disappearance of science after the second century; the retreat from almost all that had spelled 'the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome.'

"There are many indications that Greece had been smitten in the same way a few centuries earlier, when her genius suddenly declined and her population shrank, and that it was the importation of Greek winemaking and cookery into the Roman mansions that chiefly ruined the Roman aristocracy; but the proof as to Greece is left for better Greek scholars."

So begins an article published in a recent issue of the *Journal of Occupational Medicine* under the name of S. C. Gilfillan, Ph.D., of Santa Monica, California. Dr. Gilfillan proceeds to offer "a completely new explanation for the Roman decay . . . derived not from the realm of philosophy of history but from such firm sciences as toxicology, vital statistics, archeology, and evidence such as old bones and old Roman recipes and lead-lined pots for brewing. . . ." His reasoning follows:

(1) Roman culture declined and lost progressiveness, except in technology.

(2) Rome's cultural progress, except in technology, depended upon the upper-class.

(3) The Roman upper-class, beginning about the second or first century B.C., died out with extreme rapidity, each generation being perhaps a fourth of the previous one, largely from rearing few children.

(4) Wine, grape syrup, and preserved fruit—delicacies of Roman upper-class diet—were prepared and served in lead-lined pots.

(5) In women, lead poisoning produces sterility, miscarriage, stillbirth, heavy child-mortality; it brings permanent mental impairment in children.

(6) The Roman free poor and the slaves had much less lead in their diet. They must have maintained their number without much decline, because the Roman population as a whole did. Technical invention (aside from architecture, civil engineering, and the art of war) was confined to the artisan class, so invention continued.

"Belief in eugenics is not necessary for acceptance of our thesis," Dr. Gilfillan says, "for whatever personal qualities come not from heredity must come from education and other environment, and the upper-class environment was extinguished along with the aristocratic scions. The son of a slave or peasant might succeed to a vacant chiefship, but he could not have had the education, family traditions, nor prestige of the scion. In short, Roman culture lost its source of progress when and because its elite, endowed by heredity and/or upbringing with the powers to make or mate with money, was exterminated by various factors, above all by lead in the diet of the upper-class women."

The fact of lead poisoning among the Romans was established long ago. Dr. Gilfillan cites an 1883 work by an Austrian toxicologist, K. B. Hofmann, and a German colleague, Rudolf Kobert (1887-1909), which "abundantly proved and explained this thesis by hundreds of citations from classical authors on ancient culinary and dietary customs and illnesses, and by archeological evidence in the form of leaden containers used for food and drink. Kobert's student, Rosenblatt, analyzed ancient bones for lead and found the saturnine metal in bones from the classical period, and not from before and after. In 1949 the Canadian physician, L. G. Stevenson, wrote an unpublished doctoral dissertation on the history of lead poisoning, adding further medical explanations." The class significance of the poisoning is Dr. Gilfillan's own contribution to the record.

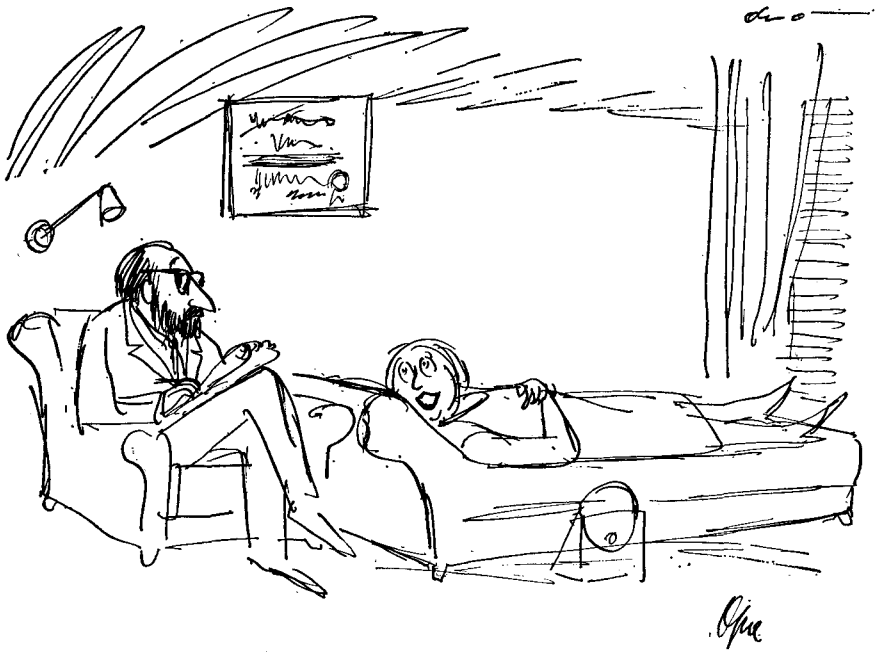
"Why were the ancient rich so reckless as to drink lead compounds daily?" he asks. The reply: "They had scarcely an idea of their toxicity. They knew plumbism [lead poisoning] only as a disease of lead workers, the first or second industrial disease to be discovered. Also their physicians knew about acute poisoning by lead, and were cautious about lead in medicines. But as to lead poisoning from water or food we can find hardly more than a reference or two, chiefly that of Vitruvius in his first-century A.D. treatise on water supply. It was not a well-known danger. . . .

"They had easily learned about copper poisoning from bronze, because this is detectable at once by color, taste, and sickness. Lead poisoning is far less evident and immediate. . . .

"The aristocracy's most significant source of lead was the grape syrup. . . . This slow poison was frequently put into wine to give it bouquet, strength, and keeping quality. The Romans often boiled the must before fermenting it to wine, since with their insanitary methods, the wine often would not last more than a year, if that. The lead had two virtues, only one of which they understood correctly—that it gave a slightly sweetish taste. More importantly, it poisoned the microorganisms that cause fermentation and souring. Not having the modern art of sterilization by canning, they knew not what they were sterilizing themselves. . . .

"The reader has likely been thinking he has heard of still other causes for the fall of Rome. . . . But the fall of Rome is not what we are talking about. . . . We are concerned with debasement of education and culture, which under ancient social conditions could be transmitted only from wealthy parents to their own children."

—JOHN LEAR,
*Science Editor.*



*"Doctor Carlin, you know something? You're a simply wonderful listener."*



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# THE ORIGIN OF COMETS

## *A New Theory*

By DONALD ROBEY

COMETS are the most oddly behaved objects in the sky. No two of them act exactly alike. Most appear without warning, seemingly out of nowhere, too faint at first to be detected except as fuzzy dots of light on the photographic plates of automatic cameras attached to telescope lenses; this great majority of the comet family move in elliptical paths, remain visible to earthly observers for a few weeks or months, then disappear into the depths of space. There are a few comets that return periodically, on predictable timetables, following almost the same track they were on originally. But even those few have little in common. The tracks traveled by some of them must extend very far away from the sun, for decades pass between their appearances. Other comets come back at intervals as short as three to four years. Halley's comet (named after the British astronomer Edmund Halley, who predicted its return in 1758) was seen, with a single exception, every seventy-seven years from 240 B.C. to 1910 and is expected to return again in 1987. For reasons that will become clear later in this manuscript, it should be noted that one of the few characteristics shared by all of the 1700 comets observed since 2316 B.C. is the common focal point of their elliptical orbits—the sun.

Though most comets are too small to be measured accurately, some are enormous. The great comet of 1843 had a tail twice as long as the distance from the earth to the sun. The head of the comet of 1811 was alone bigger than the sun. The heads of some comets are

—*Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories.*

**Mrkos comet, as photographed on August 26, 1957. Note braided tail, characteristic of electrified gas, or plasma—the fourth state of matter.**



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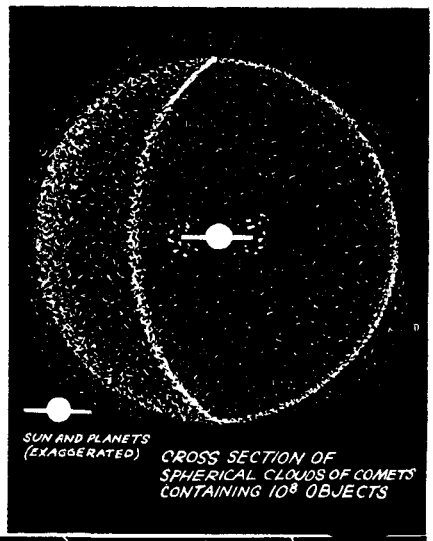
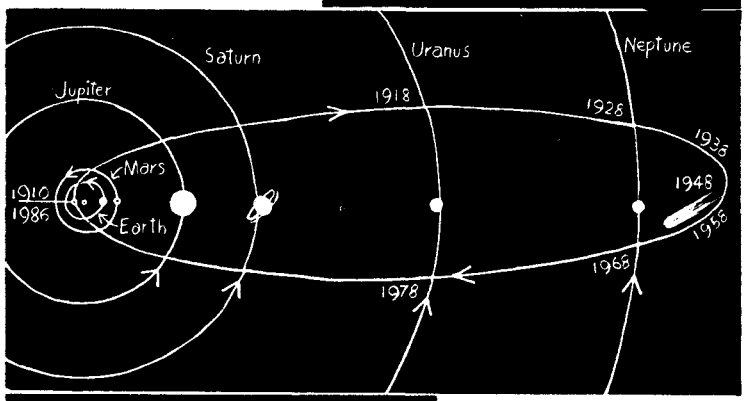
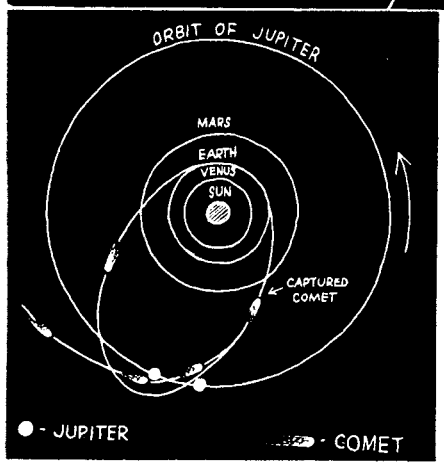



**OLD THEORY of comets surrounded the sun, at an enormous distance, with icebergs, afloat in a sea shaped like a spherical shell (right). The sea was 100,000 times as deep as the distance between the earth and the sun. Placed roughly halfway in space between the sun and Alpha Centauri, nearest neighbor star.**




**ALPHA CENTAURI and other passing stars caused tides in the sea; the tides washed some of the icebergs toward the sun. These bergs became comets (Halley's comet, above, is an example) which could travel long orbits for thousands of years. Those passing too close to Jupiter were caught, however, and thrown toward the earth (left). Donald Robey's new theory rejects the concept of the spherical sea.**

*—Sketches by Doug Anderson.*

composed of a bright nucleus shrouded by a nebulous coma; in the heads of other comets, no nucleus can be seen. The coma may or may not have a tail. Again, one of the few similarities among comets must be remarked on: Where a nucleus is present, discharges of some kind usually stream from it into the coma and the tail.

Planet earth passed through the tail of Halley's comet in 1910, while the comet head was 15,000,000 miles away. Despite its giant size, the comet did not contain enough mass to exert any noticeable gravitational pull on earth. Brooks comet in 1866 passed between the satellites of planet Jupiter and Jupiter itself without causing the slightest perturbation in the orbits of the satellites, although the comet's own orbit was shortened from twenty-seven years to seven. By contrasting these experiences, it is seen that comets are by earthly measure insubstantial stuff. It is no surprise then that spectrographic examination of the light they emit shows comets to be molecular mixtures of frozen gases—principally hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon—and cosmic dust.

As recently as the first half of the twentieth century, it was believed that the luminosity of comets rose solely from the reflected light of the sun. Subsequently, astronomers have determined that comets also shine with intrinsic light, perhaps triggered somehow by the sun. In searching for a possible triggering mechanism, it is first desirable to draw together, from the scientific literature on comets, descriptions of erratic fluctuations in comet light.

The most famous and at the same time the most mysterious performance is that of the Schwassmann-Wachmann comet, discovered in 1925. Its orbit is an almost perfect circle, lying within the orbits of planets Jupiter and Saturn. Every now and again its brightness changes by as much as a hundred times in a few days. The energy released in one of these explosive flare-ups has been measured and found roughly equal to that of the nuclear bomb at Hiroshima. No periodic pattern in the timing of the outbursts has been discerned.

A string of turbulent knots appeared for no apparent reason in the tail of the Morehouse comet of 1908. Within a few hours, vast clouds of luminescence moved millions of miles through the tail, which broke into waves marked by a conspicuous dark streak. Then the tail separated into individual strands which intertwined like the strands of a rope.

The tail of Halley's comet also narrowed and filled with condensations and distortions which moved away from the nucleus in a spiral path.

Donati's comet of 1858 developed a dense cloud of luminosity near its nucleus, and two streams issued from this cloud into the tail. Observers commented that "a repulsive force directed from the sun" seemed to be at work.

In 1846, Biela's comet separated into two distinct parts, with a broad space between. First one part was brighter, then the other. A separate train of light extended itself behind each of the comets. The trains ran parallel, away from the sun. A few nights later, the smaller comet brightened and became visibly connected with the larger comet by an arch of light, through which the stars could be seen to pass.

NOW if it were assumed that comet movements are controlled by magnetic force as well as by solar gravitation, all the aberrations described above would be understandable. For the icy conglomerates of gases of which comets are made contain, separated within them, positively and negatively charged fragments of atoms which respond to magnetism. Hydromagnetic waves are generated in magnetic fields by storms on the sun, and these waves could account for corkscrew motions, knots of condensation, accelerated streamings, and bursts of energy in comets.

The *Journal of the Astronautical Sciences* in 1962 published a suggestion of mine that comets are blobs of plasma—electrified gas—the fourth state of matter that dominates most of the cosmos



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outside of earth's atmosphere. I speculated further that these plasma blobs carry their own magnetic fields within them.

Where the plasma might come from was not at that time a problem. I had accepted the prevailing theory on the origin of comets. Advanced by a Dutch astronomer, Dr. J. H. Oort, it said that comets had been formed along with the asteroids (which now occupy a belt between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter) early in the history of the solar system. According to Oort's hypothesis, the cometary matter was sorted out from the asteroids and ejected in a spherical cloud halfway between the sun and the sun's next nearest neighbor among the stars of the Milky Way. The gravitational pull of other passing stars, Oort supposed, drew comets from this spherical cloud and tossed them close enough to the sun to allow the massive planet Jupiter to capture them in orbits that approached earth.

The spherical cloud concept had been derived from the proposition that orbits of comets are randomly distributed—that is, that comets are as likely to appear from any one angle in the sky as from any other angle. However, in reading the literature on comets, I could discover no documentation for this proposition. To test the validity of the idea, I consulted *Porter's 1960 Catalog of Cometary Orbits* and obtained from it descriptions of the orbits of the 556 comets that have been accurately tracked. I gave this data to a computer and asked the computer to calculate whether comet orbits are in fact randomly distributed.

The computer reported a situation fantastically different from the one supposed by the Oort theory. Almost half of all the orbits—48 per cent—were concentrated in only 20 per cent of the sky! Furthermore, the orbits were clustered around a single axis like the petals of an artichoke.

The pattern plainly did not fit the notion that comets were coming into the solar system from a spherical cloud surrounding the sun. Therefore, reason no longer existed for thinking that a spherical cloud of comets was there.

Where, then, do comets originate?

Did the artichoke pattern traced by the computer offer a clue?

I thought so.

The axis around which the artichoke petals were clustered passed directly through the sun.

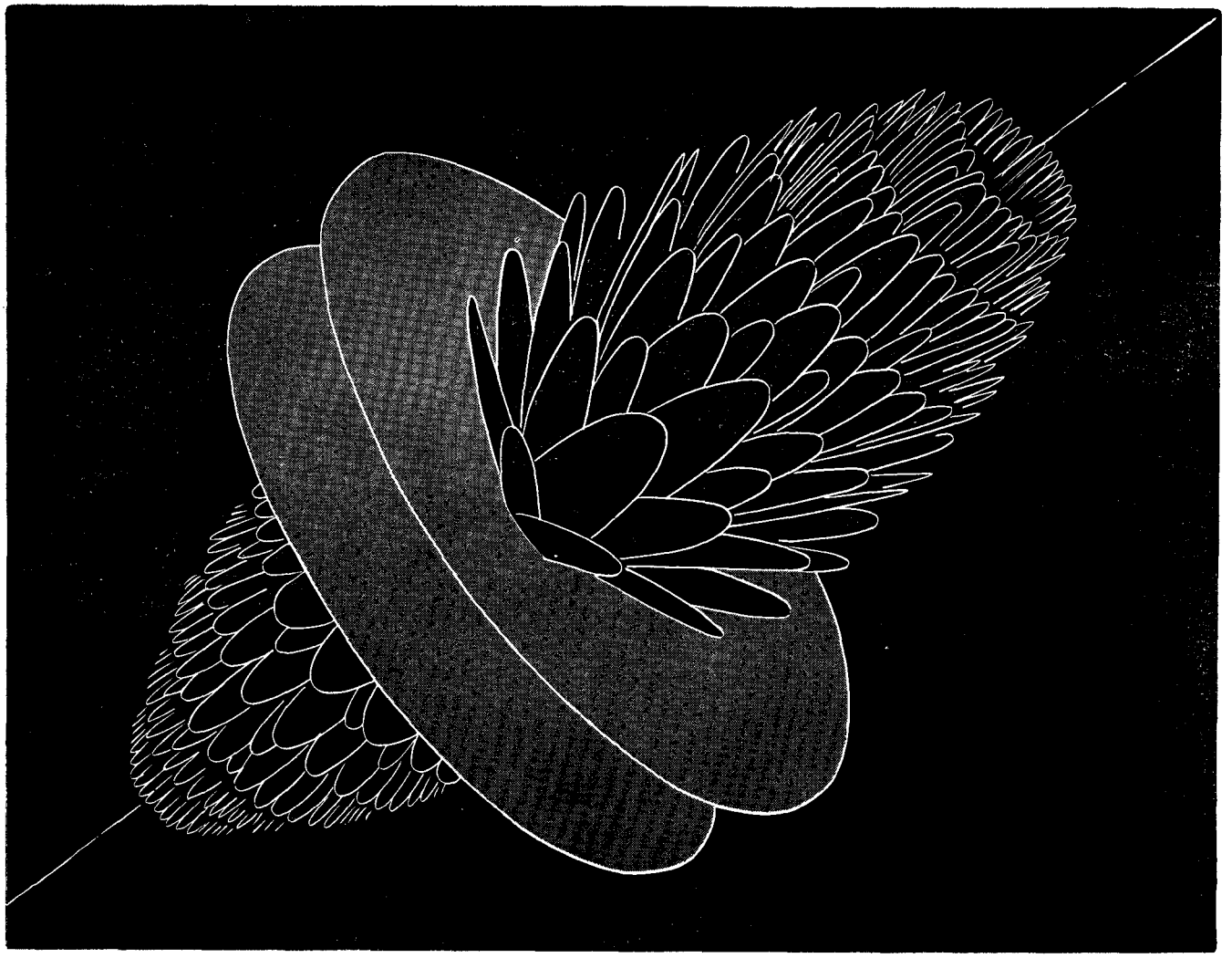
The sun was the only body in the solar system that was made of plasma.

And the sun was one focus of all the comet orbits.

WERE comets blobs of plasma from the sun then?

In motion pictures of the sun, taken through solar telescopes, astronomers had identified what they called "prominences"—huge arcs of plasma that rise from the sun's surface and occasionally fly off into space, picking up speed as they go. My first thought was that these fugitive arcs of flaming gas might become comets after escaping their magnetic ties to the sun.

But when I gave the computer the mathematical equations that would govern such events, the computer reported that comets couldn't possibly originate



—*Doug Anderson, after a drawing by the author.*

**By running all known comet orbits through a computer, theorist Robey discovered they clump around a single axis passing through the sun. Shaded region perpendicular to the axis contains no orbits, thus confirms the new theory.**



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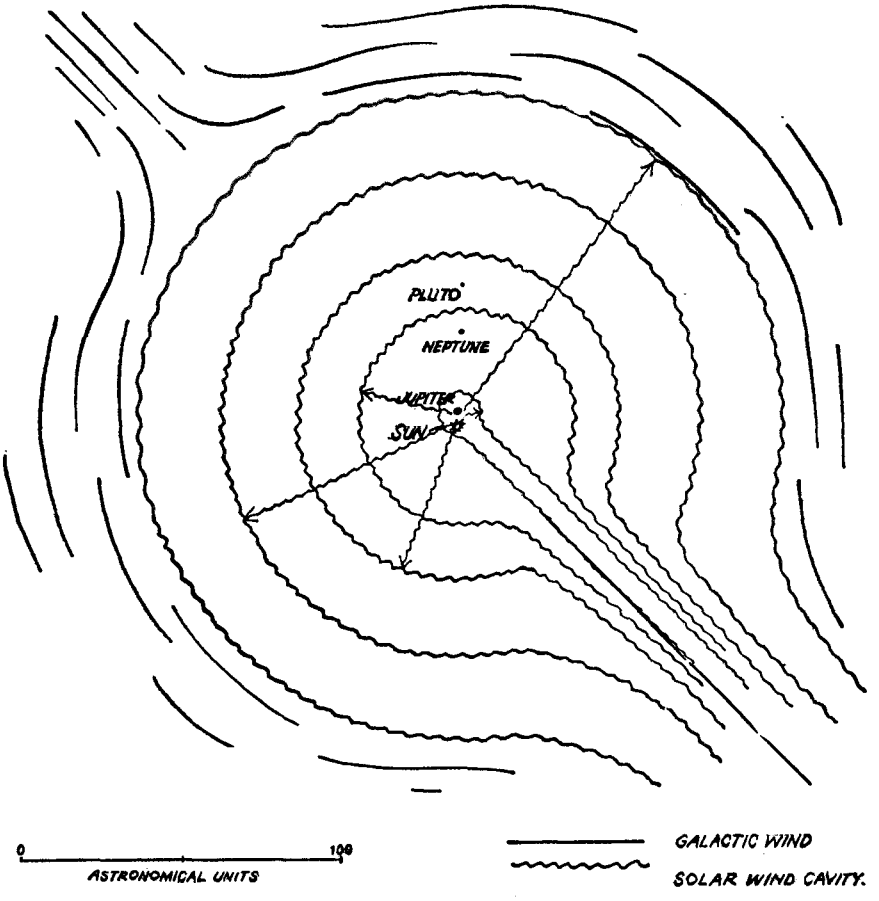


**Sketch above offers theoretical explanation for artichoke petal pattern of comet orbits revealed by computer (page 39). Looking down on the sun, artist visualizes pulsing cavity of "solar wind" (wavy blue lines) contained by "galactic wind" (black lines).**

in that way; the freed plasma would be so accelerated as to keep traveling indefinitely—it would never come back.

I therefore sought another mechanism by which comets might be born of the sun.

I believe I have found it in the "solar wind."

The "solar wind" is really the atmosphere of the sun, the solar corona. The corona behaves oppositely from what might be expected, retaining almost constant temperature out to several solar radii from the surface, and racing away from the sun ever more swiftly, so that at earth's distance the "solar wind" is blowing at a rate of hundreds of miles per second.

The presence of the "solar wind" has been confirmed repeatedly by instruments aboard the Mars and Venus spaceships, and is thus well known to most laymen. Only scientists and those others who watch science closely are likely to be familiar, however, with the existence of a similar and stronger wind generated by all the stars in the Milky Way together. This wind may properly be called the "galactic wind."

With the help of the computer, I determined that the direction in which the "galactic wind" blows with respect to the sun is the direction of the axis of the artichoke petal pattern formed by comet orbits.

I have therefore concluded that comets are born of interaction between the "galactic wind" and the "solar wind."

IF my theory is correct, the "solar wind" blows outward from the sun until the force of the wind is equaled by the force of the "galactic wind" that surrounds it. The meeting place of the two winds takes the shape of an oblate spheroid cavity.

The boundary of this cavity moves in and out in a cycle eighty to ninety years long. Superimposed on this cycle is another cycle about eleven years long. When the sun is active, as it was during the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), the cavity expands far beyond the orbit of the planet Pluto. When the sun is calm, as it is during the current International Year of the Quiet Sun, the cavity shrinks until it barely encompasses the orbit of planet Jupiter. Jupiter is about five times as far away from the sun as is the earth, Pluto about forty times. Hence the cavity I have postulated must vibrate very rapidly in order to cross so many millions of miles of space in half a decade.

It is this powerful surging to and fro, I believe, that shakes blobs of plasma out of the "solar wind," like great gusts of electrical rain, and hurls them into space with patches of the sun's magnetic field still imbedded in them.

Those blobs that escape the cavity in the direction of the "galactic wind" keep going indefinitely and disappear.

Those blobs that escape the cavity into the teeth of the "galactic wind" are blown toward the sun and destroyed.

Those blobs that escape the cavity at any angle greater than about fifteen degrees from the axis of the "galactic wind" go into elliptical orbits and become comets.

Comets born of a large cavity will have long orbital periods.

Comets born of a small cavity will have short orbital periods.

When I outlined this theory in a formal paper at a National Aeronautics and Space Administration headquarters seminar in Washington a year ago, I was uncertain about how the plasma blobs could be wrenched from the "solar wind." It seemed evident that the separation must occur during the shrinking phase of the wind cavity pulsation, for when the cavity was expanding there would be no force opposing free movement of the gas. Perhaps the comet would tear loose when the eleven-year pulse crossed the eighty- to ninety-year pulse. While struggling to resolve this important detail, I discovered in the literature an independent study, unrelated to comets, which explains how "Sweet's mechanism"—a mathematical invention for separating (or merging) magnetic fields—can enable blobs of plasma to escape their parent wind. Written by H. I. Axford, A. J. Dessler, and B. Gottlieb, it was published in the *Astrophysical Journal* in 1963.

Formation of the cometary nucleus remains to be explained. But here the problems seem manageable. Plasma blobs of the dimensions considered in these speculations probably span several astronomical units (an astronomical unit is the distance between the earth and the sun). If only 0.1 per cent of the mass of such a plasma were accreted, a nucleus would almost certainly form. Cosmic dust accompanies the "galactic wind," and a very small fraction of the dust impinging on the fugitive blob need be captured.

That comets are children of the sun seems a revolutionary idea until we reread the literature from this new perspective. Then it is seen that the role of magnetism in cometary behavior has been increasingly appreciated in recent years. Such books as *Cosmic Dust* (Philosophical Library), by A. Dauvillier of the Pic-du-Midi Observatory in France, and *Space Astrophysics* (McGraw-Hill), edited by Dr. William Liller of Harvard


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University, lead into the theory of solar origin of comets. For example, Dr. L. Biermann, of the Max Planck Institute, says in chapter nine of the latter work: "There are observations which indicate the presence of magnetic fields in type one [ionized] tails, *e.g.*, long, fine streamers or occasionally screw-type, large-scale structures. . . . It has been pointed out repeatedly that magnetic fields could only enhance the coupling and the transfer of momentum between the solar stream and the cometary ions."

If my theory is correct, there are magnetic fields in both the "solar wind" and in the plasma blobs torn from the wind —the comets. On returning to the sun's vicinity in response to solar gravity after riding the "solar wind" to the "galactic wind" boundary, a comet would run head-on into the "solar wind." As the comet neared the sun, the magnetic lines of the surrounding and oppositely blowing wind would compress the coma of the comet. Such compression—contrary to the expansion that would be expected from the sun's heat in absence of magnetic containment—is precisely what has been observed on some occasions as comets approach the sun.

To that extent, the theory is confirmed. Other confirmations are these:

► If the birth of a comet is determined by the angle at which a plasma blob separates from the "solar wind," and if the angle is determined by the conjunction of solar and galactic wind directions, then a graph of positional coordinates of comet aphelia (points of farthest departure from the sun) should show two openings on opposite sides of the sky entirely free of aphelia. A graph has been made of the 556 comet orbits included in the *Porter Catalog* of 1960, and there are only two oppositely placed openings that represent areas greater than 4.5 per cent of the celestial sphere.

► Families of comets, traveling in the same orbit, also become understandable if comets are accepted as "solar wind" blobs. A plasma blob could easily break into smaller blobs after entering orbit. All the fragments would necessarily travel the orbit.

► Most satisfying of all, the concept of comets as blobs of "solar wind" provides a continuous source of new comets—a need recognized but not filled by all earlier theories of comet origin—and a source rich in the known constituents of comets.

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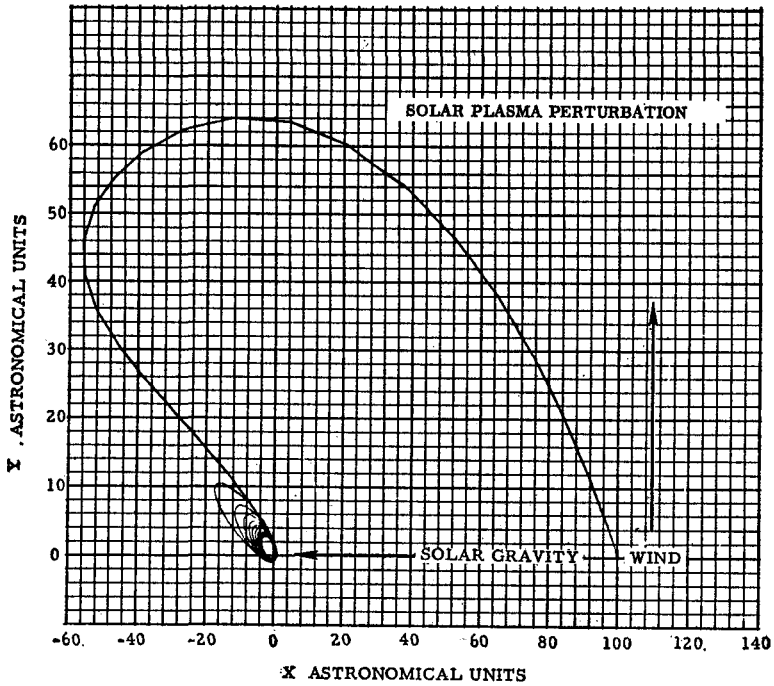
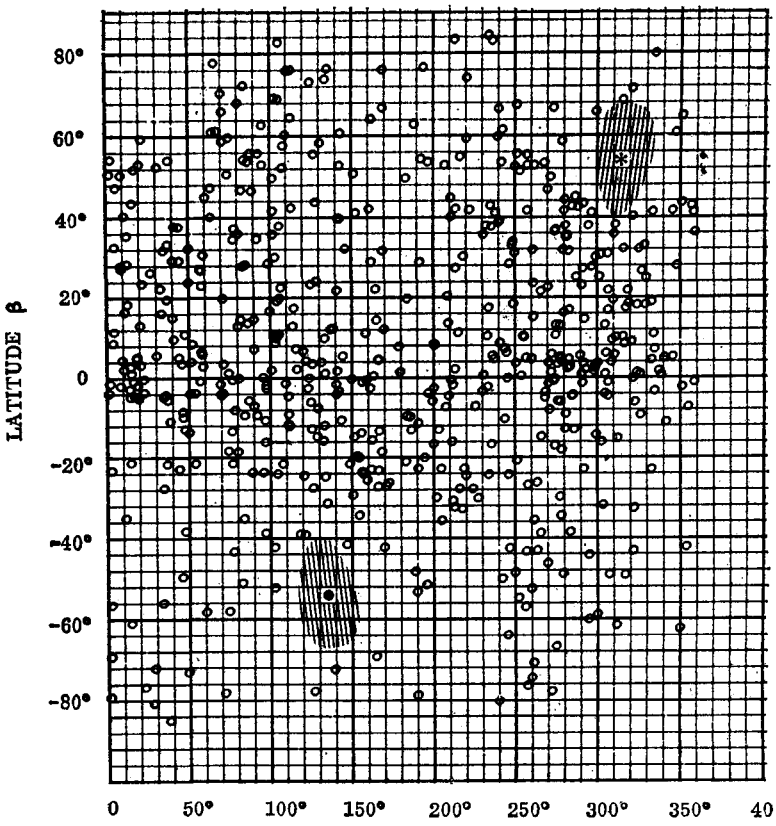
*Donald Robey is a physicist on the advanced studies staff, Convair-Astronautics Division, General Dynamics, San Diego, California. His theory that "flying saucers" are remnants of comets (SR, Sept. 5, 1959) has never been challenged scientifically.*

## *Flying a Comet through a Computer*




**AN IBM 7094 computer was given instructions to release a mathematical model of a "solar wind" blob into the "galactic wind" at a distance of 100 AU (astronomical unit: the earth-sun distance) from the sun. While solar gravity pulled the blob steadily inward toward the sun's surface, the "galactic wind" looped the blob out into space at an angle to a distance of 64 AU in one direction and 56 AU in another before the blob returned to the sun's vicinity. In the graph below, coordinates of aphelia of all 556 comets that have been tracked appear as dots. The two shaded areas alone are free of aphelia. They mark poles of "galactic wind" axis sketched on pages 39, 40.**



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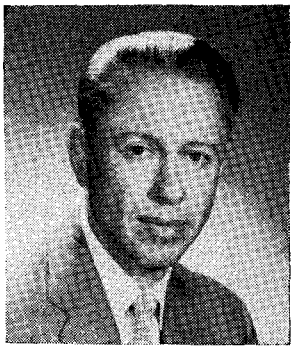
# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Victor Barnaba.

**WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?** *Mostly in wrong directions, so far as bettering life in the city is concerned. More people move to the cities each year. The air becomes fouler. The streets grow more tangled with traffic. Yet no one moves decisively to remove the burden from the atmosphere or from the pavement.*

*One obvious way out of these interacting problems is to run motor traffic beneath the city's core. Tunnels with a single entrance and a single exit, moving traffic in one direction only, could be engineered to facilitate the drawing off of noxious fumes and the removal from them—through filters, precipitators, and separators—of unburned hydrocarbon particles, probably to the profit of a farsighted entrepreneur. Parking spaces buried alongside the tunnels at appropriate intervals would at the same time hold thousands of motorcars from the congested surface. Passengers*

**BY GEORGE A. HOFFMAN**
***The Rand Corporation***

THERE is much talk in this country of saving cities from their tendency to strangle themselves with their own motor traffic. But no daring rescues have been attempted yet. Only a few imaginative planners and highway designers are even thinking of taking the problem underground.

Since the passenger automobile is the most surface-consuming vehicle in wide use today, easy access to the central core of the city by individual transportation could be reestablished most simply by tunneling roadways and parking spaces beneath the streets.

European planners are far ahead of us. Stockholm already has a six-lane underground artery below its central business district. Paris is planning some sixty lanes under its core, where 50,000 parking spaces are planned for the 1970s. Milan intends to place all its public transport beneath ground by the end of the century. In rebuilding the old city of Warsaw, wiped out during World War II, the Poles have underway a multilane subterranean traffic passage.

Vehicular tunnels (such as those leading into Manhattan) and subterranean parking facilities (as in Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York) do exist near the hubs of some United States cities. But in no instance are the tunnels connected directly to the parking spaces, and in no case do either tunnels or parking areas tend to decongest surface traffic (but rather the opposite); in most situations they account only for a minute portion of the vehicular volume.

Naturally, the city planner cannot consider subterranean highways without also considering connected subsurface parking spaces. He must either plan both schemes in conjunction or abandon the underground concept altogether. If only ample parking were provided, the surface-traffic congestion would deny access to such facilities. Contrariwise, with ample underground traffic density but no place to stop and park beneath the destination, the purpose of the tunnels would be defeated.

It is my purpose here to suggest a scheme of tunneled freeways beneath the streets of the central business districts of cities. There would be no entries to nor exits from these buried highways within the downtown core. Parking caverns would be dug adjacent to the tunnels at convenient locations. Vehicles would be stored in these spaces while passengers and freight moved to and from the surface by elevator, escalator, and automatic ramp.

As an illustration of future possibilities, it might be interesting to imagine construction of an eight-lane throughway, with four lanes each way in each of two separate tubes, or a more modest six-lane expressway of two tubes with three lanes each.

Since these tunnels would duplicate the desired route of mass-transit systems, one or two of the lanes could be used for bus operation, or, if the demand develops, for convoys of interlocked buses, or even for mass transit on rails. The downtown visitor could be given at least the choice of driving his car and paying for fuel and underground parking fees, or of riding more cheaply but inconveniently in a collective-transport vehicle. Traffic surveys on each route could quickly and continuously determine the optimum mix of private and mass-transit vehicles.

Central traffic surveillance and control by closed-circuit TV should be easy in the closed-loop of subterranean freeways and parking facilities. Observing cameras could be installed almost at will above and along each traffic lane and parking area. One can think of automating the billing and collection of toll fees and parking charges, the opening and closing of on- and off-ramps to the suburban surface and to the parking facilities, the instruction to motorists as to safe speed, the shifting of directional signals, the instantaneous detection of accidents or vehicle breakdowns, the location of debris on the roadway, and the availability and location of parking space at the intended destination.

Police and patrol cars could be designed for high-speed travel in either direction, suspended from electrified rails in the tunnel ceiling and traveling above clogged and jammed lanes to points of obstruction. Such electrically driven capsules, containing patrolmen well-versed in first aid and fully equipped with extensible ladders, stretchers, grappling hooks, and medical supplies, could reach a disabled vehicle on the road, render medical or other assistance, and lift or tow the vehicle to the first turnoff by means of telescoping arms.

FREIGHT-LOADING and pedestrian exits must be provided in abundance, since there are no surface exits to the inner city core from the underground system. Each building complex would have to provide large-capacity freight elevators directly down to these docks and truck turnoffs. Moving stairs, ramps, and unattended passenger and freight elevators would service groups of buildings from the parking caverns, by vertical elevator shafts drilled from below.

Lighting intensity in the tunnels could vary gradually from very bright near the suburban exits and inlets to rather dim in the middle of the travel areas, letting the driver's eyes adjust to the change, and cutting down on the lighting bill. Stimulating murals might be considered to relieve drivers of claustrophobia, loss of perceptual awareness, and monotony. The absence of ice-melting salt sprays in winter would be beneficial to automotive underbodies. The ventilation system in the tunnels should be designed to exploit the piston effect of all vehicles moving in a single direction in



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*would come to street surface by elevator, escalator, and automatic ramp.*

*The Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California, has on its staff a man who thinks traffic tunnels are inevitable if the modern city is to survive. He tells why in the report below. A native of Italy, with a Ph.D. from Harvard, he was a structural designer for Lockheed and Hughes Aircraft until he went to work for Rand on unconventional materials and novel configurations. A sometime committeeman on National Academy of Sciences projects, he has since 1960 been a member of the directors' board of Consumers Union.*

each tube, and thus save the motorist's fuel with greatly reduced windage losses.

Construction of the tunnels would not disrupt established patterns of surface activities in congested areas. Tubes and parking caverns placed well below the network of utilities (water mains, power lines, sewers, gas and telephone conduits, building foundations) do not necessitate expensive road detours. Work in underground facilities progresses steadily in all seasons and is immune to the vagaries of weather. The broken rock that would be drilled out of the bores could reclaim much urban land in the form of causeways, swamp fills, beach-stabilizing jetties, etc.

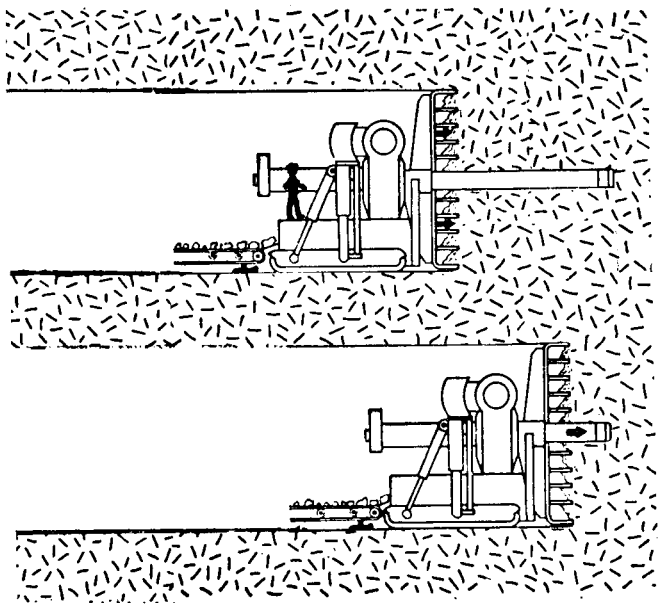
Is such a scheme economically feasible? It seems to be if costs are plotted over a long enough time, perhaps a half-century. Land values are on a rising curve, and operation of conventional urban highways is costing more every year. If present trends continue, the financing of underground roads will be as reasonable to contemplate in the near future as the financing of surface highways is now. In fact, operating costs for tunnels are already in many instances lower than comparable costs for surface roads of equal capacity.

Construction workers' wages are the biggest single factor in tunneling costs. Therefore, the first step toward underground road systems should be the design and development of a tunnel borer large enough to drill a space that will accommodate a three-lane highway. Given enough research and funding impetus, such a counterrotating rock-cutter should be available in the next decade or so. It would have to excavate cross sections varying from about 1200 square feet for the four-lane tube down to around 750 square feet for the three-lane arrangement. Both these openings are well under the 1600 square foot cross-section capacity of a machine-driven outflow tunnel for the Mangla Dam in West Pakistan. The three-lane cross section is comparable to the 700 square feet already driven in competent rock here.

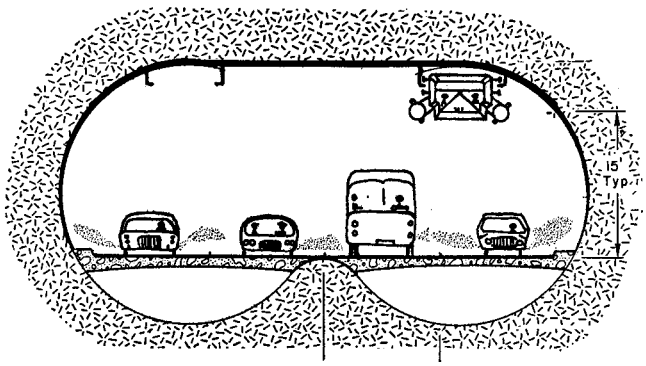
Though these existing moles cannot yet bore vehicular tunnels in hard rock, they have a potential of halving excavation costs and could drill tunnels at satisfactory speeds, possibly as high as a mile per month.

The automatic tunneler advocated here would do much more than bore through rock. Linked to the drill would be continuous belts for moving the broken rock to disposal sites. Rigs designed to line and reinforce the roof of the bore hole would follow the drill closely. Prefabricated and standardized slabs of roadway would be fed continuously in long sections to a progressing machine that locates, levels, aligns, and firms them into place at the same time that the roof lining goes in.

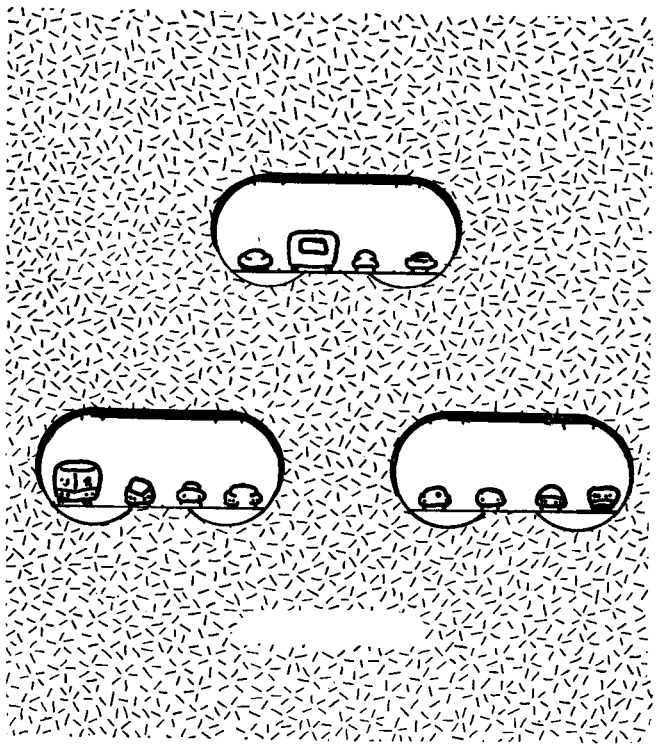
Aside from savings in labor costs, smaller-scale moles of this type have demonstrated several advantages over the



**"Bootstrap" tunnel borer sends pilot cutter ahead; cutter anchors itself in the rock by an expandable collar and pulls borer foreward: endless belt carries broken rock away.**




**Cutaway design for a four-lane tunnel.**



*—from a Rand Corporation study.*

**A design for twelve lanes underground.**



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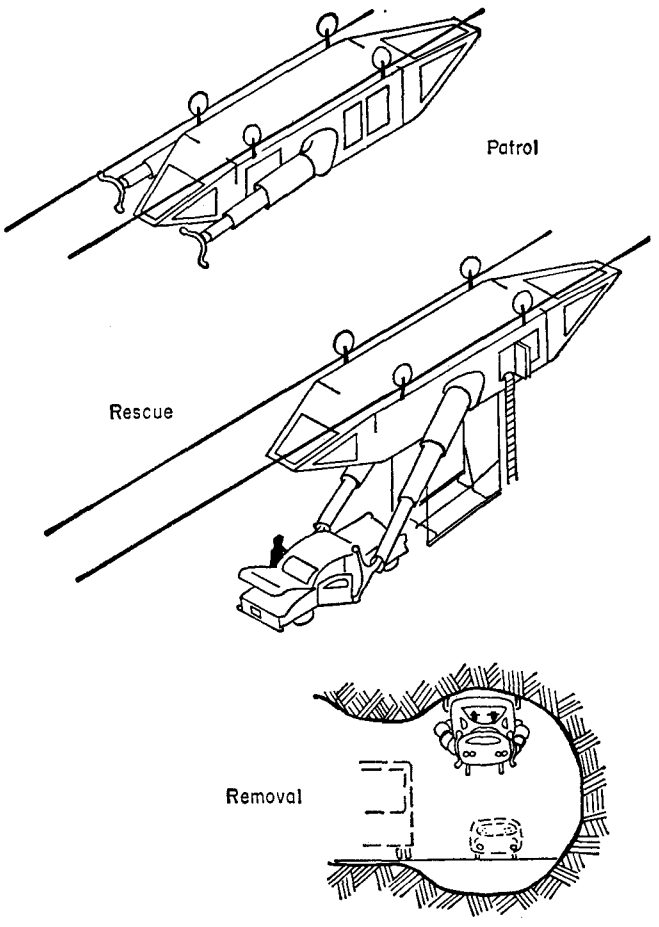


*—from a Rand Corporation study.*

old method of drilling and blasting tunnels. One is safety. The smooth, round, and unshattered opening is inherently stronger than the equivalent blasted hole, while rockfall and lining requirements are greatly reduced. Also cutting (rather than blasting) minimizes the damage and faulting on the roof and sides of the hole, and avoids damage and tremor inconvenience to surface property above the tunnel. Then, too, excavation is precise. In a concrete-lined tunnel large amounts of concrete can be saved that would otherwise have to be used to fill the highly irregular and jagged voids beyond the required dimensions. And the tunneling advances rapidly. Cutting rates as high as 150 feet per day have been recorded, with operating times as high as 50 per cent achieved in sedimentary rocks.

Let us now consider three cities as specific sites for application of the underground automotive traffic and parking concept: Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York.

Los Angeles is an interesting case because 80 per cent of all travel to and from work is done in individual motor cars. Assuming that 30,000 commuters can be handled in one traffic lane in one day, the Los Angeles requirement in a dozen years would be sixteen lanes in one direction plus perhaps eight more lanes in the opposite direction (midday lane reversal is taken for granted)—a total of twenty-four lanes feeding into the elongated central business districts of Wilshire Boulevard, downtown, and Hollywood. About 1,000 lane-miles would be required to connect the subterranean throughway to 500,000 underground parking spaces.

Because the population-density pattern of Los Angeles mismatches the geology favorable to tunnels, tunneling costs would be relatively high: $4,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000, two-thirds of it for the parking spaces.

Chicago's geological make-up is almost ideally suited for tunneling. The bedrock is at most only a few dozen feet underground and well constituted for machine boring. Thus we may conceive of the hypothetical transfer of all Chicago public transportation to individual automobiles and buses driven and parked underground. At present, only half the trips to work are made by passenger car. A typical Chicago highway, the Congress Expressway, handles 12,000 vehicles per traffic lane per day, averaging one and eight-tenths passenger per car. By 1975, these numbers will probably be 14,000 vehicles per lane per day and one and nine-tenths passengers per car. The convergence of subterranean tunnels under Chicago's central business district might total fifty traffic lanes one way and possibly ten lanes the other way (with midday lane reversal), feeding into 500,000 to 1,000,000 parking spaces. If this underground network were to parallel the present mass-transit facilities of Chicago, and if parking were provided so as to serve the present daytime inhabitancy peaks, some 1300 lane-miles would be required at a finished cost between $1,000,000,000 and $2,000,000,000 plus $3,000,000,000 or $4,000,000,000 for the parking spaces. Again, parking room is the major component.

The dimensions of New York City's automotive travel-to-work problem fall between those of Los Angeles and Chicago. About 1,500,000 people go to work in Manhattan, almost 1,000,000 in the peak hour. Only 8 to 10 per cent use their automobiles or a taxi. Since about one-third of these workers reside in Manhattan proper, it may be assumed that only 1,000,000 commuters might want to use their cars to go to work if given ample roads and parking facilities close to their destination. They might use 500,000 automobiles for the purpose. Half a million parking spaces would have to be created underground. These would require about 800 miles of connecting three-lane tunnels, costing $2,500,000,000 to $3,500,000,000. From thirty to fifty traffic lanes requiring 500 to 1,000 lane-miles in length would be needed. Total system costs (parking and roads) would run from $3,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000. One orderly approach to financing might be to collect a toll of five cents per tube-driven mile, plus a $2 to $3 per day fee for downtown parking.

To avoid undue optimism, it must be emphasized that although the multibillion-dollar initial investment cost could be paid off by highway taxation and parking fees, the capital required for even a modest underground highway system is well beyond the fiscal capability of local and most state agencies. One may conclude that a major federal agency could exercise the engineering imagination and daring needed for testing the concept. Since balanced planning would call for about two-thirds of the total cost to go to parking facilities, the scope of highway agencies—now primarily public road builders—may have to be broadened to include the role of providing public parking.

THE potential advantages of subsurface highways and parking spaces deserve thorough study from the technical, cost-versus-utility, social, esthetic, and institutional points of view. If such a study should substantiate the efficiencies indicated by this analysis, then a design team of civil and mechanical engineers should be given the task of developing and fabricating a three- or four-lane tunneling machine for hard rock, accessory apparatus for removing broken rock and for lining, roofing, and flooring the tunnels.

Upon completion of the prototype tunneling complex, a car-critical urban site should be picked for a demonstration experiment. Arterial tubes (eight to ten lanes) providing a link between the Lincoln and Queens tunnels in Manhattan and the shoreline expressways would seem a first candidate if a modest (say, 30,000- to 50,000-car) parking space without surface exits were jointly considered. The experience in boring, finishing, and operating this demonstration line might establish whether or not cities of the future should be congested by traffic in their surface streets or saved by moving and storing passenger vehicles underground.


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## LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

### Governing Medicine

ONE OF the letters in your July 3 issue commenting on "Who Should Govern Medicine?" really has me chuckling, albeit sardonically. Here I find a hospital board member bent on reforming the attitude of 90 per cent of doctors and developing their sense of social responsibility. As long as we are generalizing so broadly, let me say this: In my years of experience in observing hospital governing boards, I would say that the "typical" board member in the top policy-making bracket (1) is independently wealthy and (2) acquired his fortune in money-lending, real estate, or similar pursuits. In his productive days, therefore, he was perforce excluded from any real contact with a type of client about whom he now admonishes me to become more responsible. When such a critic becomes willing to roll out of bed, regularly, at two A.M. to observe me (only as one of a *team* of doctors, mind you), give my night and all my powers to save the life of a man who, "typically," is (1) dead drunk, (2) the father of six, (3) jobless, and (4) smashed up, shot or stabbed, then I will submit myself to a lecture on my lack of social responsibility if my critic sees fit to deliver.

ROBERT R. CROSS, M.D.

Bethesda, Md.

IT IS ENCOURAGING to see such interested discussion and rebuttal follow your article "Who Should Govern Medicine?" [*SR*, June 5]. The public and medicine benefit from any sensible discussion of this important question. In an editor's note [*SR*, July 3] occurs this statement:

"There is no proof by experience that medical classes could not be considerably larger than they are without adversely affecting the quality of the emerging physician."

There really is a great deal of proof. Medicine was formerly taught by lectures and demonstrations to large classes of students. This did not produce good doctors. If a student had not personally shared in the examination and treatment of a number of patients under *proper supervision* before graduation, he was pretty rough and bungling with his first patients. The ideal ratio for clinical teaching is one student, one patient, one instructor, until the student develops enough skill to be trusted with a living, suffering human being. Aids like movies, lectures, and demonstrations can prepare the student for his first experiences with a patient but it takes expert supervision from then on. For the clinical subjects there are never enough experienced instructors to reach the ideal.

In the preclinical sciences there has been a serious shortage of teachers. This shortage is detrimental to the sciences, to the student and in the long run for the patient, though this latter fact is not so apparent as in the clinical subjects taught in ward and clinic.

For some years the American Association of Medical Colleges and many of its member colleges have been actively examining and experimenting with methods of teaching to see what changes might be made without lowering the quality of education and endangering the welfare of the patient. Nobody has yet come up with a magic ratio of faculty to students. From experience I know that I did a much better job of teaching a laboratory group of eleven or twelve than one of thirty-five. The AAMC has suggested a laboratory section of fifteen as a maximum. There is nothing arbitrary about this; the deans and faculty members are not being stubborn. They are concerned about the quality as well as the quantity of their product—and they cannot return to the lecture method and inadequate supervision in laboratory and clinic.

Some schools are admitting entering classes of 200 and some take sixty or seventy-five at the most. This does not mean that the larger schools are necessarily the poorer; but it is interesting to talk to faculty members at both types of institutions to see what the problems are. The pressures to increase enrollments beyond the supply of teachers, space, equipment, libraries, available teaching beds, and clinic patients are growing greater. An understanding public can do much to help the medical schools resist those pressures.

MARION FAY,
Dean and Professor of Biological Chemistry Emerita,
The Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### Sloppy Surtsey

YOUR ARTICLE on Surtsey, the volcanic island [*SR*, July 3], was remarkably interesting, but was marred, as so often seems to be the case with *SR* science articles, by downright misstatement and by some fantastically sloppy terminology.

In the first place, the Van Allen belts are *not* the magnetic field of the earth. The magnetic field is one of the reasons the belts are where they are, but a cause is not an identity.

Second, what in the world or out of it is "density index"? If you mean density, say so, and don't pretty it up—and confuse things—by inventing a completely superfluous term. If it isn't density, what is it?

In describing the expanding earth hypothesis of Dr. Creer, when you speak of a world "half as big" as the present one, do you mean that it had half the radius, half the surface area, or half the volume? They aren't the same thing. If you mean half the radius, the surface would have been one-fourth that of the present planet, and the volume would have been one-eighth.

Then consider these supposed former states. If the radius was half the present radius, the density of the planet would have been eight times what it is now; if the area had been half the present value, the density would have been 2.83 times what it is now, and if the volume was doubled in the last few billion years, the former density must have been twice what it is now. It is difficult to see how a density of forty or fifty or more could be achieved by merely earthly matter.

I grant you that the theory is not the responsibility of the science editor, but the reporting of it is, and it is up to him to report it with sufficient precision so that it can be evaluated by an outsider. At least, if he didn't understand it himself, he might have given the complete reference!

JOHN D. CLARK, Ph.D.
Picatinny Arsenal.

Dover, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor should have said that the Van Allen belts are recognized as signs of the presence of earth's magnetic field . . . not recognized as the magnetic field. The belts are, of course, made up of radiation captured by the magnetosphere. He sees nothing amiss in his use of the term "density index." But he should have specified that Dr. K. M. Creer's work was done with a globe having half the radius of the earth's present radius.*

*Space available for SR's science section does not permit detailed discussion of every theory mentioned in these columns, and the science editor does not advocate evaluation of any scientific theory on the strength of any popularized presentation of the theory. For such purposes, the scientific literature itself should be consulted. In locating articles cited by name of author and journal, most readers of SR are accustomed to consult the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" in their local public libraries.*

### Evaporated Rock

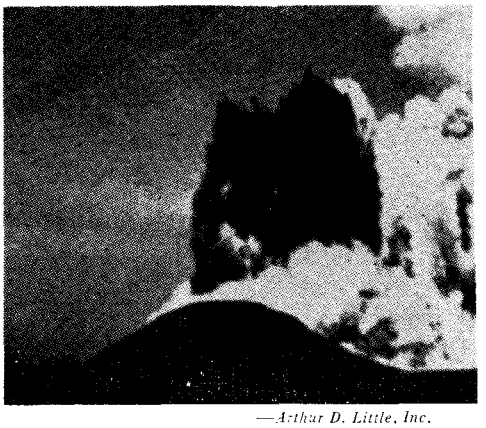
DR. BERNARD VONNEGUT and I enjoyed your article about Surtsey [*SR*, July 3]. One point seems worth clarifying. It concerns the formation of the complex surface structures postulated for the moon.

Evaporation of rock on the moon due to heating by impact or volcanism would produce vapors. But the condensation of these vapors will take place only if the concentration is sufficiently high for the molecules to come together. Alternatively, the gas could produce a surface coating, molecule by molecule, rather than first forming particles which then settle on the surface. Either method—one akin to vapor deposition, the other to smoke formation—could give rise to complex structures. It is likely that both contribute to the surface configuration of the moon.

I have just returned from Iceland, where we sampled the particulate products in the volcano cloud of the new island just south of Surtsey. Enclosed is a picture of the new island taken on June 26, 1965.

RONALD V. ALLEN,
Arthur D. Little, Inc.

Cambridge, Mass.



*—Arthur D. Little, Inc.*



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## Crime

*Continued from page 25*

questions and diseases in the public prints was ushered in by Dr. Alfred Kinsey, who founded the Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana, and whose name became world-famed as instigator, planner, investigator, and editor of the first Kinsey Report, released in 1948 and entitled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. The publication in 1953 of his second Report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, ended the puritanical stranglehold on open examination of some of our most pressing problems, venereal diseases among them. For his effectiveness in dispelling the taboos, Dr. Kinsey deserves full recognition.

*Sex Offenders* is the second Report to be published by the Institute's research team since Dr. Kinsey's untimely death, the previous one having been *Pregnancy, Birth, and Abortion* (1958). The four authors acknowledge their indebtedness to Dr. Kinsey, pointing out in the preface that many of the case histories used in this study were obtained by him, and that it was through his efforts that they were permitted to work in the correctional systems.

> ***"Imprisonment per se is perhaps the least effective cure that has ever been devised for almost any social ill, particularly sexual offenses. True security for the community can be spelled out in two words: prevention and rehabilitation."***
>
> ***—Anna M. Kross***

Dr. Kinsey's first Report provoked sharp skepticism concerning the scientific accuracy of any conclusions that might be drawn from the abundance of specific material. The objections then raised have seemed equally applicable to each succeeding Report, not excluding the present one. The reliance to be placed on personal statements in so sensitive an area as sexual experiences, in which the tendency to be unduly boastful alternates with the inclination toward understatement in even the most carefully controlled therapeutic situation, is at the very least questionable.

One positive contribution that the researchers make is in demonstrating that the very definition of what is a sex offense depends on the specific culture and circumstance under which an action occurs. What our own society condemns as incest, another may approve as a close cementing of family relationships. What one segment of our own population regards as harmless horseplay, another segment condemns as a punishable offense.

Like Mrs. Shultz's and Mr. Duffy's books, this fourth Kinsey Report, as it will inevitably be tagged, barely touches on women as sex offenders. The authors explain:

> We have limited this study to men, primarily because women are rarely charged with, and still more rarely convicted of, sex offenses other than prostitution—which we have ruled out of our own study. Not only do they commit fewer illegal sexual acts than males, but society tends to ignore or tolerate their breaches. . . . Female homosexuality is less obvious than male homosexuality, and women do not, as a rule, practice the promiscuity and public solicitation that lead to the arrest of so many males. . . . The idea that an adult female would sexually molest a child clashes so violently with the concept of motherhood and the highly emotionalized picture of women as the loving tutors and protectors of children, that society seemingly rejects the possibility of such behavior. At any rate, convictions on this charge are virtually nonexistent.

The voluminous data presented in this detailed and painstaking Report may indeed, on balance, permit the drawing of certain inferences concerning the etiology of sex offenses. There is also a pertinent attempt to analyze the cases under consideration in accordance with the source of the complaint. To that extent, also, this Report may well provide a useful base on which both laymen and scientists can build future knowledge.

Perusal of these three volumes will, at the very least, provide a comprehensive insight into the problems that must be solved, the solutions that have been propounded, and the new approaches that must be found.

## *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Crime, Suspense*

THE CASE OF THE GRAND ALLIANCE. By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $3.95.

MODESTY BLAISE. By Peter O'Donnell. Doubleday. $4.50.

SHADOW OF A MAN. By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $3.50.

TO FEAR A PAINTED DEVIL. By Ruth Rendell. Doubleday. $3.50.

### *Fiction*

A CONFIDENCE IN MAGIC. By Ramona Stewart. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE DAY THE CALL CAME. By Thomas Hinde. Vanguard. $4.50.

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL. By Edward Hoagland. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

THE SIX WOUNDS. By J. A. Cuddon. McKay. $3.95.

SKINNER. By Hugh C. Rae. Viking. $4.95.

TWO PEOPLE. By Donald Windham. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

VENUS IN TRANSIT. By Audrey Laski. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

### *History*

THE EUROPEAN RIGHT: A Historical Profile. Edited by Hans Rogger and Eugen Weber. Univ. of California Press, $9.50.

JOHN WESLEY NORTH AND THE REFORM FRONTIER. By Merlin Stonehouse. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $6.

NEW DEAL MOSAIC: Roosevelt Confers with his National Emergency Council. Edited by Lester G. Seligman and E. E. Cornwell, Jr. Univ. of Oregon Press. $10.

### *Literary Criticism*

RADICAL DOCTOR SMOLLET. By Donald Bruce. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

### *Miscellany*

BUS STOP FOR PARIS: The Transformation of a French Village. By Robert T. Anderson and Barbara Gallatin Anderson. Doubleday. $5.95.

CARIBBEAN CRISIS. By Jay Mallin. Doubleday. Paperback, $1.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY: What to Do Until the Doctor Arrives. By Bry Benjamin, M.D. and Annette Francis Benjamin. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO THE ORIENT. By David Dodge. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE WORLD OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIANS. By Ronald M. Berndt and Catherine H. Berndt. Univ. of Chicago Press. $10.95.

### *Personal History*

HENRY STARR: Last of the Real Badmen. By Glenn Shirley. McKay. $4.50.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMNESIAC. By Oscar Levant. Putnam. $5.95.

ROBERT FROST: Life and Talks-Walking. By Louis Mertins. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $7.50.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.



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# Travel

*Continued from page* 33

to the walls—chits, really, purchased by happy imbibers on behalf of absent friends who may show up one day and claim a free drink courtesy of some long-gone benefactor.

As for the tourists, they still hold Constitution Square and judging by the size of the force occupying the chairs of the cafés the other day, they are not likely to return it to Greek sovereignty. The sponge salesmen, dressed up in their white coats with their outlandish loads, were hawking their wares as always. The kiosks were selling American and English newspapers as well as Kazantzakis —now that Hollywood has made him popular—in English. The souvenir shops were displaying Greek vases and plates embossed with pictures that would embarrass a Pigalle madam.

The King George and the Grande Bretagne, those old standbys, were doing a lively trade, but one had to venture away from the center of town to gaze upon the Athens Hilton which is one of the most beautiful hotels built in Europe since the war. It has used marble the way the rural American café uses Formica. The floors, halls, lobbies, restaurants are all paved in marble and so are the walls, floors, and ceilings of the guests' bathrooms. Eleven different kinds of marble from various parts of Greece were used. The shopping arcade is marble and so is the telephone alcove. The lettering is in English using Greek-styled letters, all of which might summon fantasies of life in ancient and opulent Greece were it not for the legend over the house phones which reads, "For Internal Use Only."

THE hotel's Byzantine Café, also paved with marble and surrounded with glass, is served from a center well which will produce Greek dishes and American ice-cream sodas. It is open all night, which makes the Hilton the only hotel in Athens catering to insomniacs. For me the most splendid room of all is Ta Nissia, an elegant and somewhat expensive taverna. The *mezedakia* at this café might include chilled fish roe (called *taramosalata*), shrimp, fried whitebait, hot *soutzoukakia*, which are finger hamburgers with tomato sauce, and golden fried *kalamarakia*, which are squid. In his sprightly little guidebook "Athens by Night" Connie Soloyanis, the Greek-American author, once of the New York *Daily News*, issues a warning about *kalamarakia*. "If you are wearing a white shirt," he says, "beware of the ink sacs."

Entertained by Greeks one night, we were on our way to some sophisticated dell when other Greeks in our party intervened. No color, they said, and diverted our party to the Plaka, that old Greenwich Village that still grows on the northern slopes of the Acropolis, harboring tavernas, tiny alleys, magnolia-shaded courtyards and the old house where Byron wrote *Maid of Athens*. From the wide assortment available to us our hosts chose an establishment called Arias where we were immediately assaulted by Russian entertainers who stood on the steps banging tambourines and singing throaty old ballads of the steppes. Accordions strained, guitars twanged, and when the violins moved close, the very earlobes of the ladies in our group shuddered with the sadness of *Dark Eyes*. None of this concert kept us from a fricassee of lamb flavored with *annythos*, an herb that grows only in Greece, nor from a salad of wild spinach called *radikia*, which dripped with oil and tasted like a bitter endive.

I WENT one night to see the Sound and Light spectacle at the Acropolis, the first one I had ever heard done in English. I found it, spanning as much history as it does, considerably less intimate than the scene I had beheld the year before sitting in the courtyard of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris and reliving the days of Napoleon. If the Athens dialogue was often super stentorian, the long view and the variations of light-play on the hilltop were fascinating. Besides, one could always muse on the controversy of the Elgin Marbles, a frieze from the Parthenon that Lord Elgin, British Ambassador to Turkey, brought home in 1806. Greece was then under Turkish domination. Two years ago a Greek parliamentarian urged the return of the Marbles, claiming Lord Elgin had "bribed and deceived the Turkish conqueror." It was the time of the Cyprus conflict, and the British were not altogether popular in Greece. For a time there, the Grande Bretagne Hotel had even been required officially to change its name. Prime Minister Wilson, who inherited the problem, found some on the Labor benches who insisted that retention of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum was little more than a relic of the cultural imperialism of the nineteenth century, while the Conservatives supposed that if it hadn't been for Lord Elgin the Marbles would have been ground down to cement 100 years ago.

Mr. Wilson finally solved it all by refusing to return the statuary, noting that if works of art were returned to their places of origin "there would be a singularly inequitable distribution among the world." I'm not sure I followed him all the way through on that one, but things would be in a frightful mess if Mr. Wilson had acceded, thus starting a run on museums. Who knows, it might have spread to zoos.

—HORACE SUTTON.

# Dominican Republic

*Continued from page* 15

power of the party, voided the chance of Venezuelan Communism coming to power.

How many Communists did France have? How many Italy? But neither French nor Italian Communism ever had leaders capable of carrying it to power. In the Dominican case, there are neither the numbers nor the leadership.

I cannot hope that men like Wessin y Wessin, Antonio Imbert, or Jules Dubois will know these things, will think about them, and will act accordingly. But logically I had the right to expect that in Washington there would be someone who would understand the Dominican political scene and the role that the Communists could play in my country. As is evident, I was mistaken. In Washington they know the Dominican prob-

lems only as they are told of them by Wessin y Wessin, Antonio Imbert, and Jules Dubois.

The lack of adequate knowledge is tantamount to the nullification of the power of intelligence, above all in politics, and this can only lead to sorry results. When intelligence is canceled, its place is occupied by fear. Today there has spread over the countries of America a fear of Communism that is leading us all to kill democracy for fear that democracy is the mask of Communism.

It seems to me we have reached the point where we consider democracy incapable of resolving the problems of our peoples. And if we have truly arrived at this point, we have nothing to offer humanity. We are denying our faith, we are destroying the columns of the temple that throughout our life has been our shelter.

Are we really doing this? No, I should not say this. It is the others. Because in spite of everything that has happened, I continue to believe that democracy is the dwelling place of human dignity.

**LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS**

Column Two should read: 5, 4, 2, 7, 3, 9, 6, 10, 1, 8.



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**CARDS—CHRISTMAS/SPECIAL OCCASION.** Distinctive imports. Personal use or ideal organization money raiser. Request sample, details. Enclose 35¢. Art Transparencies, 2371 Miramar Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio 44118.

**"MEADOWLARK":** A place for peace, recovery and renewal. Brochure: Friendly Hills Fellowship, Hemet, California.

**RESEARCH,** writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J.

**YOUNG WOMAN,** gentle, responsive personality, desires position household manager, driver, general factotum to discerning person. Box N-857.

**YOUNG WRITER,** married, seeks caretaker position. Experience varied. Box O-17.

**ARTIST, 27,** single, M.F.A. Indiana University, seeking studio, living quarters, NYC exchange teaching, custodial, other service. Dick Anderson, Box O-4.

**ELDERLY WOMAN,** cultural tastes, would share apartment and meals with lonely oldster. Nice, country neighborhood, Peekskill, N.Y. Fireplace, garden, porch. Bus nearby, or garage. Box O-15.

**OFFBEAT FOREIGN ASSIGNMENT** wanted by sublimating nonconformist, overseas four years with large U.S. corporation, tired managing staff of hundreds. Single, middle thirties, widely traveled. Box O-30.

## PERSONALS

**HISTORICAL LETTERS.** Especially Presidential bought and sold. Lists issued. King Hostick, 55 East Washington, Chicago 2.

**HOW GOOD IS YOUR PUBLICITY?** Let me help you with fresh, creative ideas and sensible planning for articles about your company, its products, services, people and general progress. I am good at it. New York. Box N-746.

**FORMER ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE** (10 years) currently in travel agency (all phases of domestic and F.I.T.) desirous excellent opportunity in either field or combination of both. Box N-732.

**SECRETARY,** female, 29, B.A., 5 years experience, seeks travel. Box N-797.

**ARTIST** wants to join cooperative graphics studio (etching) fall '65, Philadelphia, Boston or New York. Box N-848.

**M.B.A., C.P.A.** will consider any employment, non-smoggy southern California. Box O-13.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**SECRETARY GENERAL** of World Association of World Federalists needed. To reside in The Hague but able to travel widely. Mature European, fluent in English, French and Spanish, preferred. Must have administrative ability, diplomatic talent and good personality. Political and/or international organization experience desirable. Salary $15,000. Box N-870, Saturday Review.

**COLLEGE GRADUATES**—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box M-846 Saturday Review.

**AUTHOR-REVIEWER-BUSINESS CONSULTANT** needs Girl Thursday. Must be excellent stenographer and typist but in addition must have huge vocabulary, high IQ, great flexibility, vast tolerance for temperament, suave telephone manner, admirable grace under pressure, and ability to do simple bookkeeping in hyper-elegant Fifth Avenue (NYC) office where she will be entire staff. Politics must be non-existent or liberal, tendencies literary. Can be an intellectual snob but no other kind need apply. Any color, religion or age. Salary $150. If interested, write a brief, entertaining but highly relevant letter to Box O-29.

**WANTED: RETIRED EXECUTIVE,** assist in teaching course, "Education for Potentiality Development." Box O-6.

**NOVELIST** requires full-time secretary, research assistant, factotum, start about September 15th, work in Washington, D.C. Must drive own car. Write stating academic background, relevant experience, personal vita, references, salary desired. Box O-2.

**MONTESSORI TEACHERS**—Begin new classes for disadvantaged children, September. Minnesota Montessori Association, 1960 Sheridan South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405.

**WANTED: HOUSEMOTHER** for college dormitory in Manhattan. Good living plus salary. College woman 45 to 55 years of age. Must be attractive, have cultural interests, and be a real homemaker. Job demands ability to work with students and their parents with enjoyment, pleasantness and firmness, as well as with college faculty. Big challenge, hard work with a high purpose, and many satisfactions for right person. Box O-18.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**SOUTHERN VERMONT.** Farms, magnificent views. Acreage. Houses. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

**LONG ISLAND** transferree sacrificing two bedroom—each with full bath—luxury home. Asking $26,000. Write Broker, Box O-31.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**REBUILT WHITE COLONIAL** farmhouse on 200 acres. Secluded, standing alone, as far as the eye can see, in a bowl of surrounding mountains. 4 bedrooms and 3 baths. Two brooks. Everything is in perfect shape. $37,500. Owner, Robert Morgan, Cambridge, N.Y. Telephone 518-677-3154.

**150 ACRES,** gorgeous view, 6 room Cape, 1½ baths, modernized kitchen. Charlestown, New Hampshire.
**ALSO,** summer home on 10 acres, every convenience, furnished, privacy. $13,500. Windham, Vermont. Betty Cox, Broker, Saxtons River, Vermont.

**RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT.** Owner built 2 bedroom finest quality house. Large screened porch; modern eat-in kitchen; pine paneled living room with fireplace and bookcases; large dining ell; random width oak floors; walk-in closets; full basement. Beautifully landscaped on quiet hilltop in parklike setting; 3¼ acres. Owner 203-544-8423.

**DORSET, VERMONT.** Beautiful trout stream flows past terrace of this restored Colonial. 5 bedrooms. Guest house. 10 acres. $65,000. Dorset Real Estate Co.

### For Sale—Furnished

**SHACK IN THE WOODS**—3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen. Facing beach on delightful lake high in Poconos. Completely furnished. $11,975. For inspection write Robert Miller, Esq., Milford, Pennsylvania 717-296-1421.

**REMOTE 1760 CAPE, N.H.** Fireplaces, charm, bottled gas. 10 acres, 2 hours Boston. $6,900. J. C. Appel, 40 Marlboro, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

**SOUTHOLD, LONG ISLAND,** hideaway for couple. Finest view on Sound. Private beach, fireplace, furnished. $37,500. Must see to appreciate. Phone 516-477-1150R.

### For Rent

**EASTERN SHORE RIVERFRONT.** Beautiful view. Modern house, fireplaces. Woods, secluded. Sandy beach, hunting. One year $1,500. Kathman, Preston, Maryland.

### For Rent—Furnished

**MAUI, HAWAII.** Modern 4 bedroom beach house just redecorated; perfect for 2-3 vacationing couples. Coconut palm acreage, near shopping and airport. $500 monthly. **JUST COMPLETED** Tahitian style cottage. Bedroom, living, kitchen, bath, large lanai. $250 monthly. Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

**ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS**—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. Box N-778.

**ENGLAND?** New house, Surrey (30 minutes London). Landscaped. 4 bedrooms, central heating. $55 per week, 1 to 3 year lease. Box O-25.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

**HOUSE NEAR LONDON** for New York accommodation 10-12 months. Box O-8.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### For Rent

**MANHATTAN,** Stuyvesant Town area. New building, 3½ rooms—30' living room, bedroom, kitchen, 4 walk-in closets, 2 air conditioners, dishwasher—free gas. Convenient all transportation. Available for sublet November —$157 monthly. Box N-796.

(Continued on page 50)



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## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 49)

### For Rent—Furnished

**PARIS, FRANCE.** Apartment—5 rooms, Left Bank, from October, year or more. Box N-872.

## APARTMENT TO SHARE

**UNUSUAL "SEMI" SHARE** for right female who needs quick, pro tem apartment to move into with only suitcase, toothbrush. Charmingly furnished, large 2½, Washington Square area. Complete with air conditioning, linens, kitchenware, phone—everything—your home away from home. Mistress using only 3 days and nights midweek—some weeks not at all—through October, possibly several months longer. Reasonable. References exchanged. May we talk? Box 0-3.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**BEAUTIFUL VERMONT.** A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD**—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. SR Box N-734.

**MAINE**—Wooded acreage starting as low as $10.00 per acre—old farms, shore property, retirement homes, anything in Real Estate. Write to "Mr. Real Estate," Clyde I. Barrows, Franklin Realty Co., Farmington, Maine. Telephone: 207-778-2852.

**BERKSHIRE AREA.** 3 to 10 acre homesites near Tanglewood, ski areas. 30 mile views, splendid seclusion, beautiful all seasons. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

**NORTHERN VERMONT.** Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, lots near lakes, brooks and skiing; timber tracts for recreation and investment. For Brochure write Box M-831.

**SUMMIT, N.J.**—Quality lot bordering county reservation. Over 16,000 sq. ft. Utilities. New York commuting. Owner adjacent, seeks neighbors with quiet humours. $20,500. 201-273-7121, Box N-821.

**120 ACRES AND CABIN** in western Colorado. Excellent fishing and hunting base or all year living. $4,900. Other listings $50 to $150 per acre. K-G Associates, Box 95, Carbondale, Colorado.

**NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA**—Charming trailer/cabana with patio. On waterfront. Ideal climate. $4,200. Box 0-20.

**VACATION HOMES** on North Carolina's famous Outer Banks. Dock, ramp, ocean and sound beaches, swimming, boating and fishing. For family enjoyment, perfect investment. Lots from $990. Unique Custom Homes from $5,500 on your lot. Box 0-32.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**FOR SALE**—Small manufacturing business started in 1935 when I retired to be my own boss. Now because of my age, you may take over the profits and joys (and imaginative work) of making steel and wood specialties, sold through dealers. An unusual opportunity for the qualified man. Box 0-7.

## CAMPS

**TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY:** Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

## VACATIONS

**THE IMPROBABLE INN** for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

**TIRED?** Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

## VACATIONS

**THE YODLER**—Golf, music, theater, heated pool, rooms, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

**HERITAGE HILL.** Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

**FETZER'S GUEST FARM,** New Hope, Pennsylvania. Organically raised vegetables, meats, home baking. Filtered pool, tennis, rooms with private bath and semiprivate. Bucks County Playhouse, Music Circus. Folder. Telephone 215-862-2630.

**RELAX.** Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

**BLUEBERRY HILL!** Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

**LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE,** concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

**COLONIAL CHARM** midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**OGUNQUIT.** Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

**SUITS US FARM**—for small fry and their parents. Baby animals for cuddling, heated pool, tennis, luscious food, modern facilities. Weekly, adults $45, children $30. Alexander Rabeler, Bovina Center, N.Y.

**SUMMER LINGERS LONGER** on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

**VACATION** at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

**CHAITS.** Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

**WINDY HILL,** RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

**FLOOD BROOK HOUSE,** Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1,600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

**QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS** with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

**IN A RUT?** Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

**SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH,** one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

**RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE,** Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Books and brooks. Delusciously food. Filtered pool. Private baths. Near Woodstock. 914-688-7761.

## VACATIONS

**UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY** near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM.** West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN.** Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

**THE INN.** Room, breakfast, dinner from $25 week. Also housekeeping cottages. Roan Mountain, (N.E.) Tennessee 37687.

**ADIRONDACK HUNTING** for Men or Women, October 25th-November 20th. Hunting lodge with hot and cold running water, electricity and telephone. 10 miles by boat to this wilderness area. 400 acres of posted land. $200 per 7 day period plus lake transportation cost. Fee includes food, sheets, blankets, guide. Send letter application with 50% advance to: Mr. Robert Dechene, Adirondack Wilderness Camp, Long Lake, N.Y. Telephone 518-624-3812 or 3555.

## TRAVEL

**IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE TOBAGO*,** you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere, $10. (*To-BAY-go). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

**SAIL AWAY** on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES.** Hotel Beachcomber where good will and good fellowship are found within—provided you bring them with you. See Travel Agent.

**MOSCOW OR MADRID?** Rotorua or Rotterdam? We specialize in exclusive independent and escorted tours and cruises. Mrs. John Milliken, Go Travel, Inc., 200 Third Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

**LOAF, FISH OR "SKIPPER"** in beautiful Bahamas waters aboard modern 150' Catamaran Schooner on 10 day informal cruise you'll treasure forever. From $175. Brochure. "Tropic Rover," P.O. Box 394-K, Naples, Florida.

**AIR TRAVEL BARGAINS**—Worldwide—New guidebook by airline executive tells secrets how to get lowest fares on regular jet flights. 44 pages loaded with pictures, maps. Names airlines, roundtrip fares from U.S. (Europe $257, South America $125). Also tour, hotel bargains. Used by travel agents. Send $2. Bargain Air Travel, Dept. SC, Box 408, Coconut Grove, Miami, Florida.

**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

**YACHT CRUISING INFORMATION BUREAU.** Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands, French Rivers. Write, stating area information required, enclosing $1 for airmail reply. The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

**SWISS LADY, AUTHOR,** will take single American as paying guest in country house near Lausanne, assist sightseeing, shopping. K. Trub, 1066 Epalinges, Vaud, Switzerland.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1635

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Cupbearer to the gods on Olympus, replacing Hebe. | 178 81 4 3 44 63 121 187 |
| B. In heraldry, a charge of beasts on a bordure. | 126 82 88 6 190 61 |
| C. Ed Wynn's vegetable which always "seemed to have a mortgage attached to it" when pulled up. | 89 182 191 132 53 198 |
| D. Very ancient republic whose flag shows three vertical stripes, blue, yellow, red. | 108 169 58 179 60 115 1 |
| E. Of two equal parts, the one mentioned second (2 wds.) | 21 137 97 141 19 127 65 85 38 194 |
| F. Author of "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion." | 110 55 9 90 75 15 |
| G. Common sailor (one wd. in WNI III). | 37 129 144 172 13 69 87 165 |
| H. Entire; continuous; whole. | 43 109 30 39 125 91 68 174 184 |
| I. Pertaining to the most beautiful river valley of Germany. | 107 27 104 182 139 171 10 |
| J. Not straight in line; jauntily careless. | 64 158 16 155 52 34 |
| K. Number of times that Rory O'More had kissed his sweetheart before she protested. | 114 160 186 54 197 |
| L. Emotion that appears at its greatest "in our latter stages," acc'g to Mrs. Thrale (3 wds.) | 79 153 113 33 11 76 138 176 105 8 |
| M. Words and combinations of words understood by a considerable community. | 86 28 36 93 5 150 51 143 |
| N. Pertaining to the forehead. | 163 124 23 145 175 49 130 |
| O. Enclose in a wrapping. | 170 177 133 148 142 22 103 |
| P. Supply with whatever promotes growth. | 154 106 56 196 166 188 95 |
| Q. Smear with an unctuous substance. | 71 161 31 14 180 140 |
| R. What Old Father William had done even though he incessantly stood on his head (2 wds.) | 162 128 116 94 67 77 42 152 74 112 |
| S. Babylonian youth who tried to ride an eagle to heaven. | 134 157 26 46 96 |
| T. Worthless. | 117 100 72 181 83 7 101 123 |
| U. Lacking in friendly cordiality. | 73 2 62 102 136 147 168 70 35 47 122 131 |
| V. Popular seaside resort in Portugal. | 48 25 12 99 120 135 57 |
| W. Relation between a harmless guest insect and its host. | 84 173 59 146 167 18 98 |
| X. Printer's mark now used only to call attention to a footnote; formerly much used also to indicate omission of unprintable matter. | 185 192 151 164 29 78 17 159 |
| Y. Wife of Balder. | 40 66 156 111 189 |
| Z. In stock (2 wds.) | 193 50 118 45 92 80 |
| Z1. Name of the "Camp" where Bret Harte's *Luck* was born. | 20 195 119 149 24 32 41 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | 1 D | 2 U | 3 A | | 4 A | 5 M | 6 B | 7 T | 8 L | | 9 F | 10 I | 11 L | | 12 V |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 G | 14 Q | 15 F | 16 J | 17 X | | 18 W | 19 E | 20 Z1 | | 21 E | 22 O | 23 N | | 24 Z1 | 25 V | | 26 S |
| | 27 I | 28 M | 29 X | 30 H | | 31 Q | 32 Z1 | 33 L | | 34 J | 35 U | 36 M | 37 G | 38 E | 39 H | 40 Y | 41 Z1 |
| | 42 R | 43 H | 44 A | 45 Z | 46 S | | 47 U | 48 V | 49 N | 50 Z | 51 M | 52 J | | 53 C | 54 K | 55 F | 56 P |
| 57 V | 58 D | | 59 W | 60 D | 61 B | | 62 U | 63 A | 64 J | | 65 E | 66 Y | 67 R | 68 H | | 69 G | 70 U |
| | 71 Q | | 72 T | 73 U | 74 R | | 75 F | 76 L | | 77 R | 78 X | 79 L | 80 Z | _ | 81 A | 82 B | 83 T |
| 84 W | 85 E | 86 M | | 87 G | 88 B | 89 C | 90 F | 91 H | 92 Z | 93 M | | 94 R | 95 P | 96 S | 97 E | | 98 W |
| 99 V | 100 T | | 101 T | 102 U | 103 O | 104 I | | 105 L | 106 P | 107 I | | 108 D | 109 H | 110 F | | 111 Y | 112 R |
| 113 L | 114 K | 115 D | | 116 R | 117 T | | 118 Z | 119Z1 | 120 V | 121 A | 122 U | 123 T | | 124 N | 125 H | 126 B | 127 E |
| | 128 R | 129 G | 130 N | 131 U | 132 C | 133 O | 134 S | | 135 V | 136 U | | 137 E | | 138 L | 139 I | 140 Q | 141 E |
| 142 O | 143 M | | 144 G | 145 N | _ | 146 W | 147 U | 148 O | 149Z1 | 150 M | 151 X | 152 R | 153 L | 154 P | | 155 J | 156 Y |
| | 157 S | 158 J | 159 X | 160 K | 161 Q | 162 R | | 163 N | 164 X | 165 G | 166 P | 167 W | 168 U | 169 D | 170 O | 171 I | |
| 172 G | 173 W | 174 H | 175 N | 176 L | 177 O | 178 A | | 179 D | 180 Q | | 181 T | 182 C | 183 I | 184 H | 185 X | 186 K | 187 A |
| 188 P | | 189 Y | 190 B | 191 C | | 192 X | 193 Z | | 194 E | 195Z1 | 196 P | 197 K | 198 C | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.



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*Balcon suites offer ultimate luxury*

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